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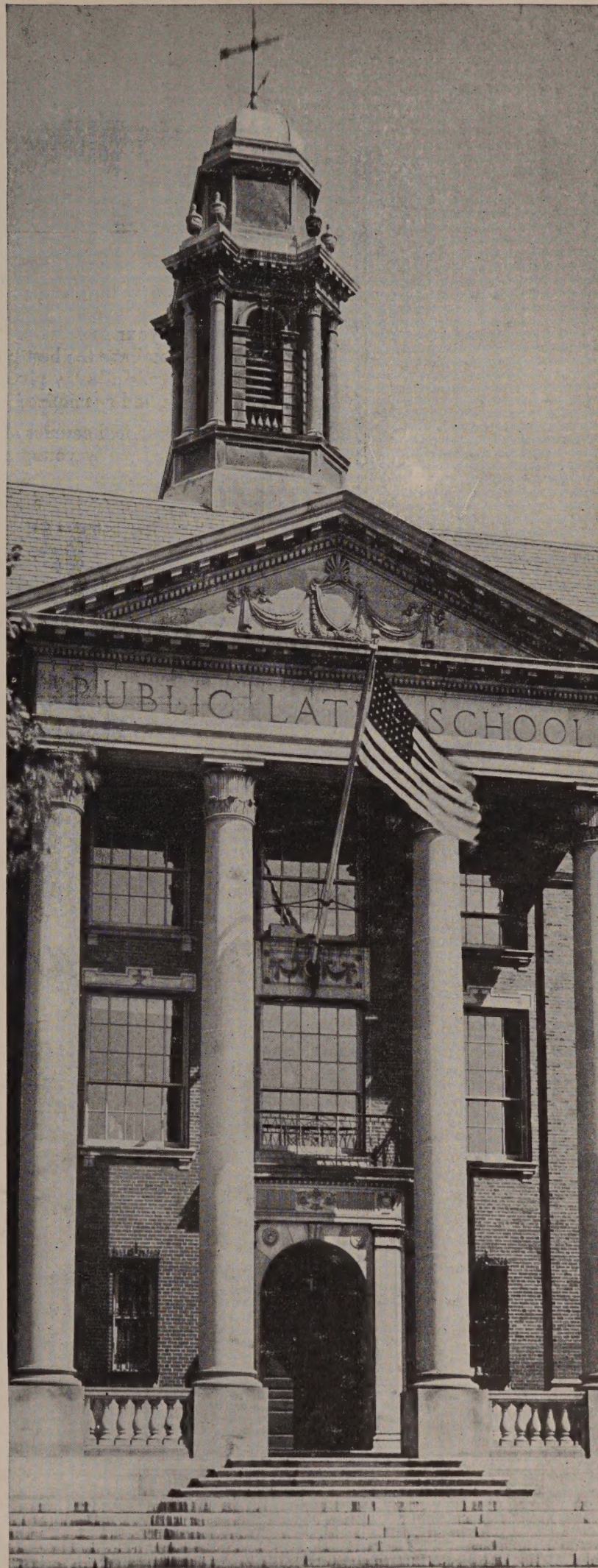
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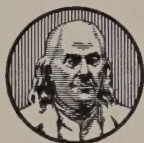


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CONTENTS

Page

FEATURE STORY

- Does it exist? If so where is it? Can you find
A Foreign Section of the City 5

SHORT STORIES AND ARTICLES

- The qualifications and merits of a "Circulation Assistant" are listed in
Survival of the Fittest 7
- Read a biography of a Class I Boy in
The Case of the Careless Candidate 9
- Perhaps you can answer the question.....Is This Oxygen? 10
- Variety is the spice of life. Read.....The Feminine Touch 11
- Were you ever introduced toThe Collector 13
- Boys, you can't win. Proof positive is given in.....The Teacher Triumphs 15
- Thank God your home was never struck by.....The Bomb 16
- The Christmas Spirit definitely triumphs over all in.....A Christmas Tale 17
- Your spine will tingle when you read.....The House on the Cliff 19
- Have you ever witnessed the approach of.....The Zero Hour 20
- What should have happened at the Latin-English game is told in
The Latin Cheering Section 22

SPORTS 23

EDITORIALS 43

FEATURES

- Alumni Column 45
- Alumni Interviews 47
- Our Lords and Masters 50
- Something of Interest 51
- Ye R.R.R. 53



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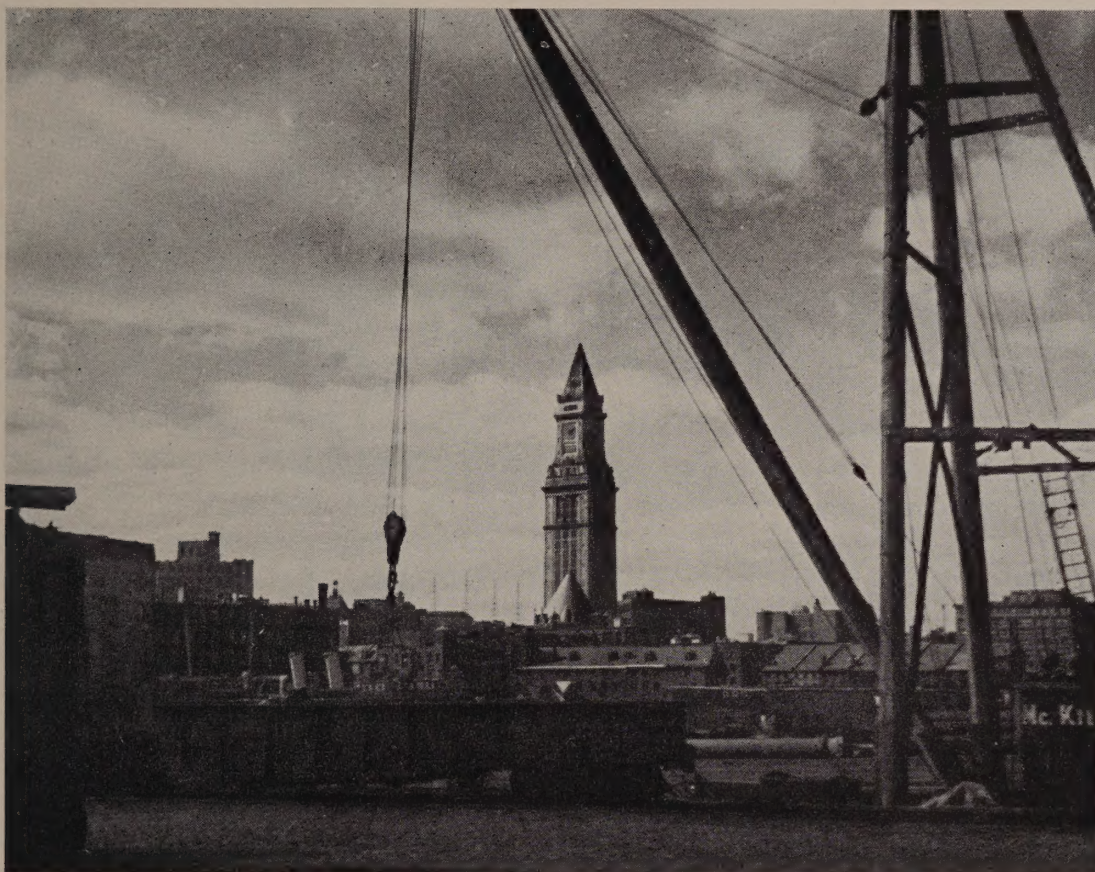
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A Foreign Section of the City

By LEONARD GREENBAUM, '48



This story won't be notable in the annals of American literature. It won't stir men's souls. It won't cause even a ripple. Those who read it will think it insignificant and probably forget it. But to me this story is important because I solved what was puzzling me: something that concerns you and me.

I had to write a composition. My English teacher gave us a list of subjects from which to choose. I chose the one in the caption; it appealed to me. Why? I don't know, but it did. Perhaps it was because I thought I was familiar with the subject. I wrote the title and began to think. . . .

"What section shall I write about? Where are there foreigners in the city?

The North End? Scollay Square, Hanover Street, Salem Street, North Russell Street? Sure! There are plenty foreigners there: Italians, Jews, Spaniards, even Canadians. Many speak the tongue of the 'old country' and even read papers in their own language. Why, they still continue some of their own customs. There's no question about it. That's a foreign section, and I'll write about it. It will fit the title to a T."

Those were my first thoughts; but I had more, plenty more. They started to trouble me, and before I could write anything, those ideas stopped me.

"If the North End is a foreign section, then so is East Boston and Mat-

tapan. There are Italians and Jews in those places. And the Irish weren't here when Columbus came. In that case, I could write about South Boston. Come to think about it, that even includes part of Jamaica Plain, where the names on the mail boxes sound like the roll-call of the Irish Home Guard. And why should Everett be left out—and Brookline? There are foreigners there! Hadn't they or their fathers come from Europe or Asia? And what about New York City and . . . and"

Slowly but surely the thought penetrated my mind that America was like that all over. It worked me up a little bit.

"Well, what do you know! The whole country's foreign. Even the passengers on the 'Mayflower' came from another country. Why, in that case, there aren't any Americans at all. They're just foreigners; or else they are descended from 'em, which doesn't make much difference. Then America is just made up of cities and towns with foreigners in them. And school kids can write a composition about any place in America and label it a 'foreign section.'"

That last thought got me angry; angry at myself! What right did I or anybody else have to call our neighbors foreigners? The confused thoughts started to form something more sensible. It took a little time, but I wasn't in a hurry.

"No, this country can't be foreign. That just doesn't sound right. Some-

thing's wrong somewhere. Something's got to be wrong. It can't be like that. Why, we declared our independence from the rest of the world back in '76. Kelly, Theoharus, and I; we pledge allegiance to the *American* flag. We've been told we were Americans since the day we could understand the words. All our lives America has stood for the inalienable rights of man. We're Americans all right, and nobody can take that away from us.

"But yet there's a difference among the three of us. That difference . . . that difference. . . ."

And the light came

"Now I understand. That's what makes America *America*."

"Now I know how I got mixed up. I started to look for a foreign section of the city and ended with the whole U. S. A. There are no foreign sections. It's America; every last inch, from Florida to Washington, from Maine to southern California. All those races, nationalities, and religions; all those languages, cultures, and ideas; put together they spell A-M-E-R-I-C-A with capital letters."

Well, that's the story. I told you it wouldn't be much. Nobody was murdered. No jokes were cracked. But didn't it show you something? Try to write about a foreign section of the city, and you'll have a difficult time finding a place to write about; but try writing about an American section, and you've got the whole city to choose from.

Quis Erat Pater....?

Ab JOHANNES REXINE

- 1 Historiae: Breasted, Herodotus, Thucydides.
- 2 Medicinae: Hippocrates, Sophocles, Demosthenes.
- 3 Geometriae: Euclid, Einstein, Pythagoras.

- 4 Astronomiae: Hippocrates, Hipparchus, Anaxagoras.
- 5 Algebrae: Pythagoras, Euclid, Diophantus

Responsa in pagina (XIV)

Survival of the Fittest

By N. MILGRAM, '48

Have you ever wished to live a life of adventure? Have you ever thought of moments packed full of thrills and chills? Or perhaps you've contemplated spending some of your time in enriching the lives of others with no material gain to yourself? You have? Fine. I am about to discuss how you may accomplish all or any of these worthy aims. All you have to do is become a member of the Register Circulation Staff. It's as easy as that.

In arriving at this decision, one must be clear-headed, calculating (that is, weigh his chances of living through the ordeal), and serious-minded. It is indeed a serious decision and must be treated accordingly.

The applicant (or shall we more correctly say, victim?) should be acquainted with the situation and fully aware of the pitfalls and problems awaiting him. He must be mindful of the grave responsibilities which rest on his capable shoulders.

He must be alert physically and mentally, possessing the courage of a lion, the wit of a Latin School master, the brain of a "sharpster," and the tact of a diplomat. In preparation for his work, he should make out his will and prepare to leave his financial affairs in capable hands, in the event of accident or death—no remote possibility.

The number of those who survive the killing pace is small, and the number of those who fall in the line of duty, disproportionately high. On the blackboard in B14 one will find the names of those martyrs who have given their lives that the *Register* might endure.

But what are the duties of a member of the Circulation Staff, you ask, which are so exacting, severe, and com-

plex? At first glance it looks easy. Each agent is assigned two or three rooms and is merely instructed to persuade the inmates of each to subscribe to the *Register*. That is all.

What could be simpler? To tell boys to do that which, in all likelihood, they have the sense to do themselves without being told. . . . Why, it's as simple as falling off a log, which is precisely the way one feels after having tried to sell *Register* subscriptions. You find after a little while that it just isn't so easy.

The little Class Sixers offer the following excuses: "I forgot to bring my money". "Papa doesn't give me an allowance till Monday". "Mommie doesn't want me to waste my money on such trash". The little belligerents twist and turn; but eventually, after the salesman has used his skill, the money arrives by carrier-pigeon.

As one proceeds up the ladder, he finds that the conscientious objectors don't even bother to appease him with excuses. They rudely ignore him. If they are pushed too far, they snap back and invite the hapless agent to step outside after school for the purpose of mutual understanding.

I must admit, though, in all fairness, that there is one class which is incredibly coöperative and therefore rates mention. That one class is Class I. Those among us who having arrived at the end of the road are ready to step out in the cruel world. They realize and acknowledge the genuine merit of the *Register*. Accordingly, they flock in bands to the Room Agent to pay their \$1.50. (Well, we can dream, can't we?)

Generally speaking, the life of a *Regis-*

ter Agent is a hard one; but there is a great consolation—a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. In the Liber Actorum for the Class of '48 you will find, beside the picture of *Yours Truly*,

those long, long words which take much space and make so little seem like so much . . .

Register Circulation Staff, I, II.

The Number Seven

By JOHN E. REXINE, '47

The number *Seven* has been of traditionally mystic significance. Here are *seven* questions about the number *seven* with *eight* answers. One is incorrect. Select the one which does not belong in the group. Answers on Page 14.

1. *The Seven Wonders of the World*

- (a) Pyramids of Egypt
- (b) Lighthouse at Alexandria
- (c) Hanging Gardens at Babylon
- (d) Parthenon at Athens
- (e) Temple of Diana at Ephesus
- (f) Statue of Jupiter at Olympus
- (g) Mausoleum at Halicarnassus
- (h) Colossus at Rhodes

2. *The Seven Wonders of the Middle Ages*

- (a) Colosseum at Rome
- (b) Catacombs at Alexandria
- (c) Great Wall of China
- (d) Notre Dame Cathedral at Paris
- (e) Stonehenge
- (f) Porcelain Tower at Nanking
- (g) Mosque of St. Sophia
- (h) Leaning Tower of Pisa

3. *The Seven Hills of Rome*

- (a) Palatine
- (b) Capitoline
- (c) Quirinal
- (d) Caelian
- (e) Aventine
- (f) Esquiline
- (g) Viminal
- (h) Pincian

4. *The Seven Seas*

- (a) Arctic Ocean

- (b) Antarctic Ocean
- (c) North Atlantic Ocean
- (d) South Atlantic Ocean
- (e) Mediterranean Sea
- (f) North Pacific Ocean
- (g) South Pacific Ocean
- (h) Indian Ocean

5. *The Seven Wise Men*

- (a) Anaxagoras
- (b) Solon
- (c) Pittacus
- (d) Chilon
- (e) Bias
- (f) Periander
- (g) Cleobulus
- (h) Thales

6. *The Seven Champions of Christendom*

- (a) St. Andrew
- (b) St. George
- (c) St. Patrick
- (d) St. David
- (e) St. Denis
- (f) St. Joseph
- (g) St. James
- (h) St. Anthony

7. *The Seven Principal Virtues*

- (a) Faith
- (b) Hope
- (c) Charity
- (d) Prudence
- (e) Chastity
- (f) Temperance
- (g) Fortitude
- (h) Insouciance

The Case of the Careless Candidate

By GEORGE I. MULHERN, '47

To others, the thirtieth of October, 1946, may have been merely the day after the twenty-ninth and before the thirty-first. But to Homer Clunk, formerly of Latin School, the thirtieth of October signified the smashing of a prospective brilliant career.

Homer Clunk had lasted through five years of a harrowing Latin School course. He had survived misdemeanor marks, Victory lunches, plane geometry, and *Register* humor, and was well on his way towards becoming a distinguished alumnus.

Then, on that fateful day, Homer decided to run for Class Committee!

According to instructions, the nomination papers were to be given out at twelve o'clock, no earlier. Slyly, Homer maneuvered his way into the library at 11:55; but when he found the place deserted, he left again. At 12:00:01 he remembered his task, dashed up to the library, and was met by a line of struggling humanity stretching out the door and all the way down the corridor. Homer paused, took a deep breath, and plunged in.

The route to Mr. Dunn's desk was fraught with peril. More than two score Seniors, who had already obtained their papers, were waiting ominously with pens and pencils extended to those still in line. No Indian running the gauntlet ever endured more punishment than the last Senior in that line.

After signing three papers and promising to sign nineteen more, Homer Clunk reached the fateful desk and was handed Paper Number 75. Then he turned and greedily contemplated the seething crowd of Seniors still in the library. To his temporarily crazed mind they represented votes! . . . Votes!! . . . VOTES!!! . . .

During the next half-hour, Homer P. Clunk's struggle to win nomination reached heroic proportions. His inspiring slogan, "If you haven't signed four, please sign once more," drew out of hiding that rarest of rare animals, the unsigned eligible voter, in numbers large enough to gain the admiration of veteran political observers.

When the bell for the fifth period rang, Clunk had amassed a total of thirty-four signatures, needing but one more to make him eligible. In the process he had gained innumerable wrinkles on his brow and had lost about twenty pounds. He was kept on his feet only by his burning desire to serve his fellow-man.

But after the first onrushing tide, the sea of votes had been dried up by the heat of competition; and now there remained not even a drop to aid the stricken candidate. Thirty-four signatures were his on October thirtieth, and thirty-four signatures were all he had at twelve noon on November Sixth. Bitterly, Homer Clunk tore up his papers and strode angrily from the library.

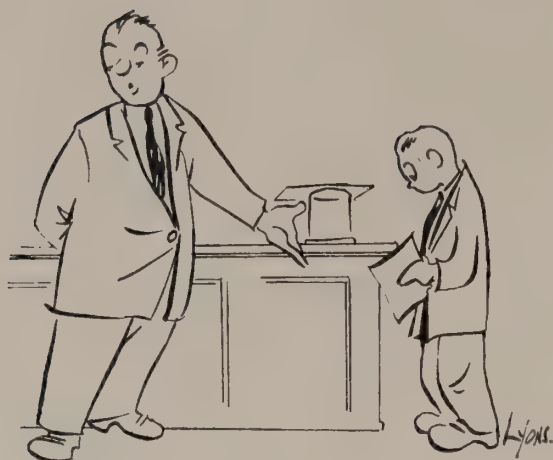
A playful classmate slapped the disgruntled candidate on the back and boomed, "Well, Clunk, and how many times did you sign for yourself?"

Alas, the bitter truth was all too evident! Homer had signed but three other papers and had forgotten to sign his own. A hideous shriek escaped from his foaming mouth as he leaped at his classmate and began to throttle him with fingers of steel. . . .

Now that Clunk has been acquitted of murder on a plea of insanity and been sent to an asylum, he spends his time arguing politics with two Democrats who were committed at about the same time.

Is This Oxygen?

By WILLIAM H. MOGAN, '48



I had been wearing a rabbit's foot on my belt for a week; but it hadn't worked. Then, suddenly, I was excused from a Latin period to deliver a message to all the masters. My job was to ask this question of each teacher: "Sir, do your blackboards need repairing?"

Proud and pompous, I started on my journey. After all, it wasn't every day that I could skip a Latin period legally. I went from room to room (rather boring; nothing new), although I did become acquainted with many new masters. A few were extremely hard to get along with. For instance, one, when I asked the simple question, "Do your blackboards need repairing, sir?" answered, rather rudely, "Do they look it?"

"I think so, sir," said I, doubtfully.

"Well, wouldn't you if you got smacked with tomatoes every lunch period?"

"Yes, sir," said I, hastily putting a check beside his room number on the sheet and hastily getting out of his way.

The last room I entered was a science

class. By this time I was utterly exhausted, although, at that, it was worth missing Latin. The master was very busy. He paid no attention to me, just kept me standing there. He had just finished an experiment and was questioning the pupils, pointing to a bottle on the table.

"IS THIS OXYGEN?"

"What did you say, sir?" yelled a boy from the back of the room, probably to delay answering the question.

"IS THIS OXYGEN?" repeated the master a little louder. Still no answer. Finally, he all but screamed the question.

"IS THIS OXYGEN?"

Then, for the first time, he noticed me standing there. I was, by this time, completely absorbed in the scientific problem. I was quite unprepared for his roaring at me, "Well, what is it?"

"Is this oxygen?" said I, unconsciously repeating his question.

"What?" bellowed the master.

"Oh, no, sir," stammered I. "Do your blackboards need repairing?"

"No, they don't," shouted the disturbed master.

"Yes, sir," was all I could answer as I fled from the room amid the shouts of glee from the rude class.

As I passed through the corridor again, I heard the familiar question.

"IS THIS OXYGEN?"

Often I have wondered if it was. I'll never know.

The Feminine Touch

By HUGH A. O'BRIEN, '48

Joe Blow was now sorry that he had been elected chairman of "How-to-Prevent - B.L.S. - Boys - from - Leaving-the-School" Committee. This was the last straw. The Committee had tried almost everything; even the notice that students might bring their wives to school hadn't worked. But the Committee, contrary to Joe's opinion, felt sure that this final resort would bring results. Joe swelled with indignation. Why, the nerve! Oh, well — he'd just have to see it through.

By the end of the week, everything was ready.

Monday dawned bright and clear. For some strange reason, all the boys were in high spirits. This reason might have been explained by the unusual dash of color in the crowd entering the building. Nary a one cigarette butt was flipped away at the door.

The joy of the crowd penetrated Joe, our hero, whose customary "lost weekend" hangover was still hanging over. "Maybe it will work out," thought he.

As one entered the building, one might have detected an odor which one might even call pleasant. Oh, no! They had even fumigated the place.

Every one had new assignments: eighteen boys to a class. The other members of each classroom were, Joe reluctantly admitted, girls. Yes, believe it or not, there they were — girls. Of course, hitherto women were never dreamed about, much less spoken of, as possible students in the Public Latin School.

Mr. Blow's troubles began as soon as he took the last seat in the last row of his room. The sight of his former friends paying strict attention to neighboring girls nauseated him. Well, he would just have to ignore them.

No sooner had Joe shut his eyes than he was wakened by a coy giggling. He cautiously glanced toward the seat beside him, and—UGH! [Joe's thoughts for the next five minutes have been deleted by the Editor.]

Up to that moment Joe had never fully noticed the difference between a pretty girl and a homely one; but somehow he sensed that this knock-kneed, buck-toothed, cross-eyed female topped with a ribbon holding a hank of mud-colored hair was not attractive.

The bold young lady introduced herself as Lena. (The obvious rhyming with hyena immediately suggested itself to the not-too-quick Joe, but he said nothing). Followed a one-way conversation, at last terminated by the arrival of another horror. This flopped into the seat in front of Joe, thus hemming him in.

What would you do if you were cornered thus? Oh, you would? Too bad Joe didn't think of that.



Without further ado, let us look in on what happened to Joe for the rest of the day, . . . — R-r-r-rip! Crack! Bang! Whango! And two more rips for good measure!

As it happens, the girls had taken to fighting over Joe, and under him, and all around him.

Dear reader, at two-fifteen on Monday afternoon, one might have seen, bursting through the rear door of Latin School, an utterly desperate, ragged, and pitiful lad, clutching at what remained of his garments, and muttering phrases that would have turned the very devil white. The poor boy was being chased by two pop-eyed monsters, and was last seen racing madly in the direction of Montgomery Street (where a well-known school is located.)

In the paper that evening appeared in bold, deep-black type the following item:

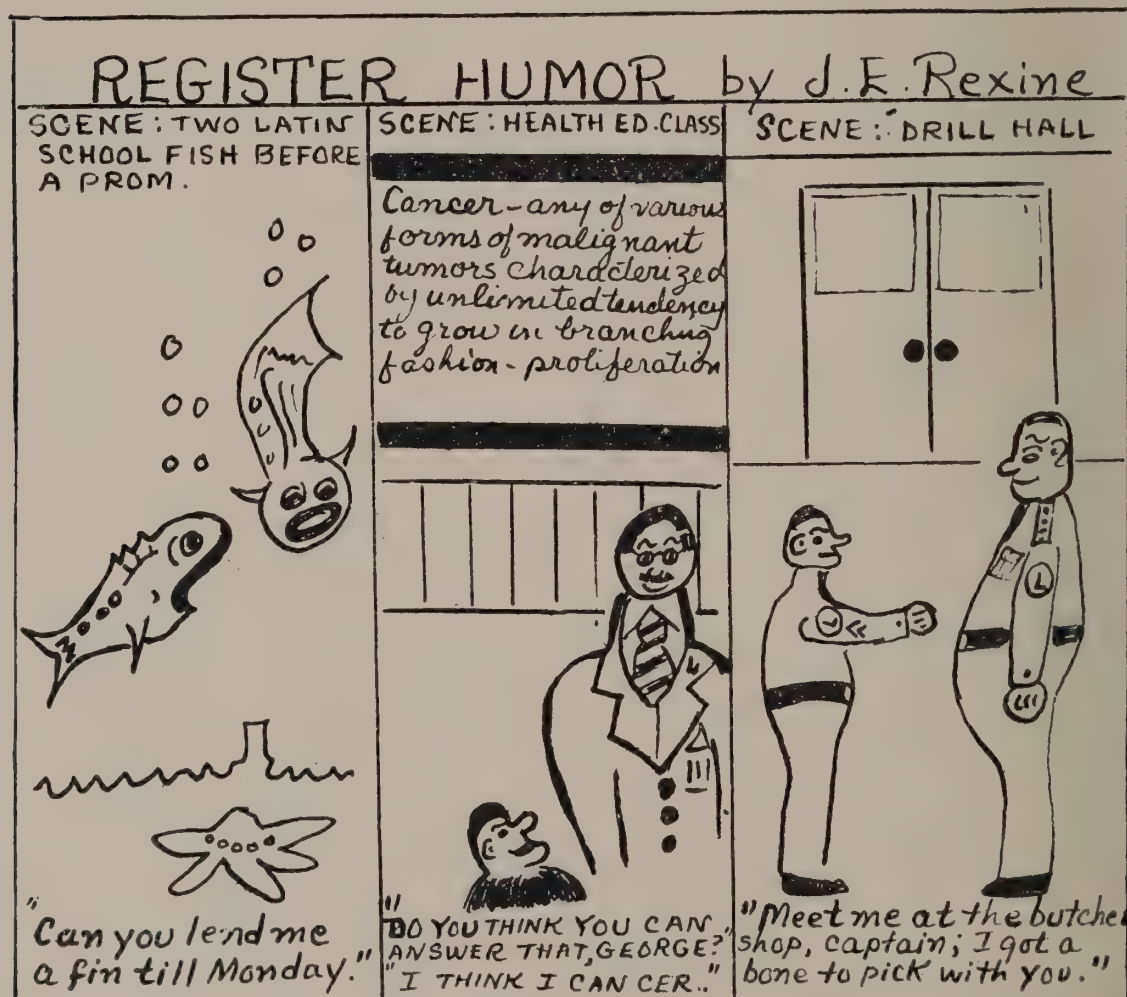
EXTRA

FAMOUS INSTITUTION DEMOLISHED

Early this morning the good news was received that a small atomic bomb was detonated within the Boston Public Latin School. All pupils escaped, but no teacher escaped. The insane perpetrator of this dastardly act is believed to be still at large within the walls of English High School.

Moral to This Story

If you want a broad education, go to Roslindale High School (or a similar institution).



The Collector

By LEONARD GREENBAUM, '48

(The following article is not intended as a definitive essay on collectors. Any generalizations are taken from individual cases and assumed to be the rule by the author only. Others may hold their own opinions. It is permitted.)

This country is made up of collectors. Almost everybody, from the banker to the junk dealer, collects something. Some people don't realize that they are collectors, but that doesn't exclude them from the title. One person I know sets aside the daily paper, hoping some day to find time to read it. He is so far behind in his reading that he always has a huge collection of old papers on hand. The way I figure, he is about to find out who won the Army-Notre Dame game any day now. He is a *collector*!

There are all kinds: stamp-collectors, coin-collectors, butterfly-collectors, book-collectors, and even bill-collectors. The latter are the most common variety.

A typical bill-collector is the insurance man. Week after week, (month after month if you pay monthly) he rings the doorbell, smiles prettily, extends his left hand, signs the premium book with his right hand, and says, "I'll be seeing you soon." (Too soon for most people.) His collecting keeps his wife in an I. J. Fox fur and provides his babies with Pablum.

The sign of the stamp-collector is the way he looks at incoming mail. If he should come across a stamp he doesn't possess, he begs the recipient of the letter to permit him to steam off the stamp. Then he hurries away to some catalogue to appraise the value of the latest addition to his vast collection. Usually, it is worth two cents or, at a bargain price, says the book, three for five cents.

The coin-collector also lurks among huge catalogues in damp library corners. The backbone of his collection is usually the Indian-head penny. A favorite pastime of this collector is looking at the dates on all coins. He claims that if a penny is old enough, it is worth a dime; and nickels and dimes are some times worth as much as a quarter. A coin-collector of my acquaintance convinced me that this theory was right; but he was having a "tough" time convincing Mr. Gordon when it came to paying for the *Register*. Somehow Mr. Gordon couldn't picture himself accepting twelve Indian-head pennies as payment for the *Register*, even though he was offered a Chinese yen on the side.

The butterfly-collector is usually pictured as a bespectacled man gaily skipping through the meadows in search of the beautiful "Anosice Plexibus". He carries with him a small net, the sign of a true and fearless butterfly hunter. If he should sight a rare specimen, he would "bust" rather than give up the chase. His future is rosy; for, armed with post-war radar, he will be extremely dangerous. Butterflies, beware!

Book-collectors are divided into two types: first, the people who read books and then put them on a shelf; secondly, the people who put them on a shelf and then claim to have read them. I don't know which type is more common. I hope the first is.

There are other collectors, such as the average woman. She collects hats and shoes, which she stores in the back of closets, never to be seen again by humanity. Men are great pipe-collectors. They usually have a dozen pipes (in a rack) which they have never used and never intend to smoke.

Boys collect junk, much to their mothers' anger. Most of it is stored in the bottom drawer of the bureau. The only time a boy throws anything away is when it starts to smell. That is his only way of telling that it doesn't belong in the drawer any longer.

The souvenir-hunter should not be slighted. Armed with pliers and a blowtorch, he is now more powerful than ever. If he should desire anything to show to his "kiddies," the hapless article is soon in the bottom of his trunk.

I neglected to mention that Latin School boys are collectors of rare ar-

ticles. They collect Misdemeanor Marks. As a proof of this statement, I offer this conversation overheard in the corridors of B.L.S.

"I told you, you weren't as good as me. I had more misdemeanor marks than you last month."

"Yeh, but you was lucky. I was absent one week. Just wait till next month."

Thus we are all collectors in one way or another and deserve to be recognized as such. Think it over! Even if you collect only razor blades in the medicine chest, you're still a collector.



The Teacher Triumphs

By WILLIAM H. MOGAN, '48

The day was hot and stuffy. It was the last period, and a bored group of boys faced a tired master. Recitations droned along, when, suddenly, the teacher was surprised to see signs of life before him. He pondered.

"Could be," thought he. "After all, they ARE Latin School boys."

At the same time, thirty-five pupils were doing some pondering of their own. The class clown had come to a quick decision. The other boys shivered with delight—or perhaps dismay? The smell from the rear of the room was unmistakable: a stink-bomb. The odor began to "slink" toward the master. Just then he got up and went to the window.

Was he going to jump? Not likely. The weary master merely closed the large windows, and the bored pupils reflected:

"Do you know what you're doing?"

"Can't you breathe?"

By this time, the teacher had reached the door. He paused, gazed at the gassed victims, and then broke the silence.

"Have it your own way, gentlemen," said he, stepping out. He closed the door behind him.

ANSWERS TO "THE NUMBER SEVEN"

- 1, (d); 2, (d); 3, (h); 4, (e); 5, (a);
6, (f); 7, (h)

ANSWERS TO "QUIS ERAT PATER. . . ?"

- 1 Herodotus
2 Hippocrates
3 Euclid
4 Hipparchus
5 Diophantus

On Colorful Report Cards

By MORTON MOSTOW, '48

What a card it was! A lurid smear of red seemed to spread across it. Even my own name reflected the crimson tinge from the figures. And to think that I had to persuade *Pater* not only to look at it, but to sign it!

"O wretched one," I moaned to myself, "you have plenty of trouble. Wee unto you!" What to do? What to do? Think back! back! back! (Whoa!) *Psychology!* That's the answer! Ah! I have it! First, patience (parents sometimes need to be reasoned with); second, tact and diplomacy; third, eloquence. Now this procedure might seem like needless worry to you; but let me assure you that a knowledge of my father's attitude, the usual results of it would make any effort worth exercising every precaution.

When my father came home, I immediately started a lively conversation. That was my first error; for my father began to sense from my over-eager chatter that something was wrong. Slowly and painfully the discussion was subtly directed by my father towards school. I certainly didn't wish to reach a climax too abruptly. First, I mentioned the results of the football game. I stealthily broached this subject of the scholastic standing of certain of the duller members of our team.

This tactical approach put me in the position I desired. Playing on my father's sympathy, I related how badly I had been mistreated by certain teachers. I explained how one master, Mr. Crossaboy, "had it in for me" for a harmless prank; how Mr. Crusoe had miscalculated my mark; how Mr. Kleinert lost my record and had to guess at what I deserved for a mark (and he was a notoriously bad guesser); and how Mr. O'Ryan had always refused to give a

rating on any test above "65" which brought my average down to a mere "40."

How nobly my father responded! With great vehemence, he declared that no one, not even a teacher, could mistreat his son and get away with it. In extremely loud tones, he assured me that he would speak to these—these teachers on the morrow and demand an accounting of their actions. After all, he was a taxpayer, and had his rights.

This, I decided, was my psychological moment. I whipped out the hidden card and, with some show of confidence, handed it to my father. "Sign this," I said.

Oh, ye false gods! How ye betrayed me! There was a look in *Pater's* eye that boded no good. It warned me against remaining on the scene any longer. I fled.

What do I think now? Well, psychology may be all right for theorists, but as for me, *Keep It!*



The Bomb

By JULIUS LAPIDES, '47

It was a full minute before he realized what had happened. And suddenly—he burst into tears. He didn't know why. He didn't know anything. All he saw was the house, broken down; the wall, half open. The stairway—where is the stairway? Was he at the wrong side of the building? That's it! He was! He immediately turned to run around, when there it was: pieces of wood, whole steps. THAT was once a stairway.

At once he understood everything! That bomber they heard in school—it wasn't just one. Those people he saw—that were running to the mountains with bundles on their backs . . . now he knew why they told him to hurry, hurry, to go back, to find his parents, to hide in the woods, to go to the border, to go and see his house, to run, to —. He didn't remember what else they told him to do. He felt lost, right here where he was born, right here in front of his own house.

But his parents? His sister? Where were they? Stricken by a terrible thought, he ran into the house. The kitchen? No. They weren't there. . . . The cellar? It was locked as usual. The second floor! But how to get there? He now first saw the cracks in the walls; the broken furniture lying on the floor. There wasn't a second to waste. He jumped on the table; he wanted to break a hole in the ceiling. No, he couldn't do that. Suddenly he was afraid to move, afraid to think. Maybe it was just a dream. He cried out. No an-

swer. He bit his finger; no, it wasn't a dream, and he wasn't mad, either.

He got off the table. He walked out of the house. He knew nothing more than he knew fifteen minutes ago. As a matter of fact, at that time he knew nothing at all. . . . His house would fall any minute. His parents weren't there. They must have escaped. It was no use standing there. He had to do something. Mechanically he walked back in to look for his knapsack, which he had packed for an emergency. He put it on and buttoned his jacket. He would make a big sign in front of the house. First he would tell them he was all right. They shouldn't worry about him. He was a grown-person now. He couldn't stay there any longer.

Suddenly he realized the full meaning of war. It seemed to him that as long as there are those who make it possible, he couldn't build anything new. And he knew he wasn't the only one who felt that way.

He took a last look at the house standing there, ready to fall at any minute. As he looked, fire came into his eyes. He turned and walked down the street. The first thing he saw was a hand, without a body, and now he felt with his whole being that he would meet his friends at their meeting-place. They would be there—ready to fight, ready to pay back for what they got. For the first time in all his life he felt hate. For the first time in his life he had a desire to destroy, to destroy all that makes destruction possible.



A Christmas Tale

By EDWARD W. BERMAN, '47

It was not a good evening for walking. A brief snowfall had left the countryside an unblemished white. The air was cold and sharp; the sky, leaden grey.

No, it was not a night for strolling, but a man was walking slowly and with difficulty along the highway. His broad but bent back stooped as he turned to the wind whenever a blast struck him. His thin and tattered clothing was as dull as the sky but was a contrast to the brilliant-white snow. Obviously miserable with cold, he trudged on.

A sneer on his unshaven face suggested he might have been thinking of the past. Never would any one have suspected that this lowly, hapless wayfarer had been a man of wealth and prestige, even of power. Yet he had once been a successful broker, with a charming wife and two small sons. To gain success he had worked hard and had ruined those who stood in his way. So what? He was not struggling through life on subsistence — wages. Not he! Minks for his wife—college for his sons—his plans had been exact. . . . But he was not prepared for the crash. It struck and shocked him with the stealth of a cobra and the suddenness of lightning. When his paper fortune was swept away, something had happened to him. He rushed to his friends, but he was turned coldly from the door. . . . The very next morning after the break in the market he tried desperately to get his savings from a bank which overnight had left thousands of depositors without a cent in the world.

He recalled that he had turned from the door of the bank and had walked slowly down the main avenue of the city out into the strangeness of the

country, his back stooped for the first time like that of an old man. He had abandoned hopes and desires, and here he was, without a friend to comfort him.

.

And now, he was trudging along an endless road leading nowhere. He gave a short, guttural yelp; a laugh which manifested his despair. It broke the stillness, which brooded over the land. The wind moaned intermittently.

He walked on more slowly than ever. His heavy brooding gradually took full possession. What had he to show for all these years? Everything he had gotten from life he had acquired by his own hard work and cunning.

He went more quickly now because it had begun to snow again. Breaking into a run, he dashed into the general store at the edge of town and fell heavily into a seat before the stove. He raised his blue hands to the warmth and rubbed his frozen flesh tenderly. The old bespectacled proprietor approached and sat down opposite him. After a short silence, the old man asked quietly, "Stranger around these parts, mister?"

"Yes," gulped the huddled mass.

"Had some hard luck, I take it," he returned uneasily.

"Yes, quite, quite. Please let's not talk about it. All I want is a short roll of heavy rope. I can pay." And with that, he dug into his rags and withdrew a black purse.

"Have it your own way, mister."

He stepped behind the counter and came out shortly with the rope. The stranger paid and headed for the door. "Hey! Just a minute, mister. I got an old coat some feller left here long time

back." He walked stiffly into the back-room of the store and soon returned with a heavy winter overcoat, remarkably new for its being "left here long time back." "Pair of gloves in the pockets, case you need 'em." The stranger blurted out a "Thank you," his reserve having finally broken down. "No need t' mention it atall, mister," the old man said in his casual way; "no need t' mention it atall."

As he walked, rope in hand, he experienced warmth—a warmth which he found himself unable to explain. Suddenly he heard the soft patter of feet behind him. He turned to see two small boys running up to him. "Mister, sing the carols with us." Carols? The word surprised him. Certainly it was not Christmas Eve. Christmas had utterly slipped from his mind. It struck him as strange that so bleak and miserable a day could bring such happiness as is found on Christmas.

"Please, mister." A youthful voice cut short his thoughts. He felt tugging light but persistent, at his coat.

"What? Oh, yes," he said, dazed and a little doubtful. The boys ran on ahead, their little bodies bobbing up and down. He found it difficult to follow them without running himself. Finally they stopped in front of a large white house at the farther end of town. The giant evergreen on the lawn was illuminated, casting a gentle glow on the house and the half-dozen or so tiny children framed in a huge window. "We come here every Christmas. The nice people in the big house give us candy

and cookies when we sing them the Christmas carols," said of one of the two little boys, both of whom were holding the stranger's coat with their mittened hands.

The little voices started boldly and, at a gentle tug from his companions, he joined with his rich baritone voice, hesitating a little at first but singing more strongly with every note of the sweet strains now so strange to him.

Against his wishes, he was induced by the kindly people of the house to enter and partake of the heartiest meal he had had for many a long month. After the children, boisterous in expressing their thanks, had been sent off with their rewards, the host began to question him, warily at first, because one could sense he was disturbed. But soon he grew to trust his host sufficiently. Proceeding slowly he told in some detail of his tragic life. He was careful, however, not to hint in the least at his despair. While he spoke, he held tightly to the rope so that his knuckles whitened. When he turned to put on his coat, he found that a great load had dropped from his mind.

The coldness of the night air revived him, and he stepped with a new briskness on his way, the rope held tightly as before. The bridge now came into view, lit by a full moon, which had just broken through the dark clouds enveloping it. He walked forward steadily. A resounding splash cut the stillness of the air as the stranger walked over the old wooden planks of the bridge and on into the night.

The Register Staff
Wishes You All
A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year

The House on the Cliff

By PAUL MOTEL, '49



Driving up the lonely, twisting road leading to the desolate house on the cliff, which overlooked Hangman's Bay, I pondered over the strange telephone call that I had received from Alfred Young, requesting me to come to End House prepared for trouble. Alfred and I had been close friends from boyhood. More than once he had embarrassed me by hinting that I should fall into no small fortune by the terms of his will.

Why, I asked myself, should Alfred, with all his wealth, live in such a dreary old mansion? Why the strange telephone call? Why did he instruct me to come alone, without informing anyone of my whereabouts?

My thoughts were suddenly cut off as, rounding the last turn of the road, I saw End House. Parking my car, I walked up to the door and knocked. After the door had been opened by an old servant, I was conducted into the library and told that Mr. Young would be down shortly. My eyes wandered to a corner

bookcase containing mostly books on voodoo and the strange beliefs of the people of the South Sea Islands.

A voice from behind startled me; and, turning around, I saw my host, Alfred Young. He greeted me warmly and told me to sit down. From his manner it was obvious that he was nervous.

Alfred then began to tell me why he had asked me to come. He had received, two days before, a threatening letter. This letter didn't ask for money but stated that he would be killed in two days.

Two days? . . . *Tonight!* . . . The letter said at midnight. It was now ten o'clock.

The two of us sat in the library as the minutes ticked by. Jeeves, the butler, brought us a snack; but we were too nervous to eat.

Eleven o'clock. . . . Eleven-thirty. . . . Eleven-forty-five. . . . Eleven-fifty-five. . . .

Perspiration broke out on my forehead, and I gripped my gun tightly. I arose from my chair and moved about the room in an effort to relax my taut nerves.

Twelve o'clock! Out went the lights! Bang! Bang! Two gunshots flashed in the darkness. Alfred and the butler Jeeves, fell to the floor. I stood over them, a smoking gun in my hand.

The Zero Hour

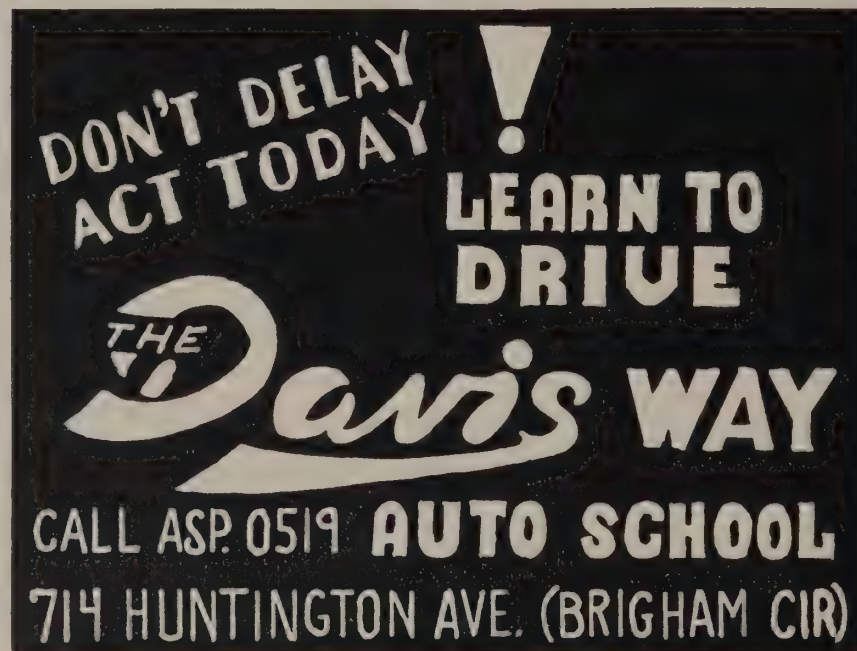
M. A. BLUMENTHAL, '50

Half-past two! At three o'clock the zero hour would be at hand. What had he ever done that the world should be against him? He looked at the clock: twenty minutes had passed. If he could only escape! But, with his jailer beside him, there was no chance of that. His hands and feet grew clammy; and his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth, when he saw that it was two minutes before three o'clock. The door to free-

dom was near; yet too far away.

At a strange sound he looked up and saw his executioner coming toward him with a purposeful gleam in his eyes. He cast a last desperate glance at his companion, but there was no hope from that direction.

Giving his hat to his mother, he strode toward the chair where, in his spotless white coat and with his dangerous instrument in his hand, stood—the dentist.

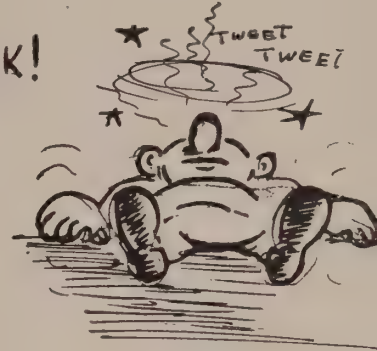


Latin School Limericks

by GEORGE MULHERN '47



A STUDIOUS B.S.S. "SHARK"
USED TO STUDY ALL NIGHT IN THE DARK.
HE COULD NOT READ A WORD,
NONE THE LESS (SO I'VE HEARD),
HE WAS GIVEN A NEAR-PERFECT MARK!



A MEMBER OF IVB NAMED FRED,
MET UP WITH A THING CALLED "PHYS-ED."
WHEN THE FIRST DAY WAS O'ER
HE SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR.
AND MURMURED, "I WISH I WAS DEAD!!"



A STUDENT FROM OLD B.S.S."
ASKED HIS GIRL TO A DANCE; SHE SAID "YES."
HE ARRIVED HOME IN GLEE,
AT A QUARTER TO THREE;
AFTER THAT HE HAD TWENTY BUCKS LESS!

VICTORY LUNCH

SOME WITCHES CONCOCTED A BREW.
THEY MADE IT A REAL PIPPEROO.
THEY CALL IT A STEW,.....
AND SENT IT TO YOU.....
HAVE YOU TRIED VICTORY LUNCH #2.



THE REGISTER PRINTS THIS TYPE VERSE,
AND SOME PROSE WHICH IS OFTEN-
TIMES WORSE,
IF IT'S WORTH YOU BEMOAN
WRITE A PIECE OF YOUR OWN;
THEN ITS QUALITY YOU'LL NEVER CURSE!

ILLUSTRATED BY HAL SEGEL '47



The Latin Cheering Section

By PHIL SHAPIRO, '47

[*This is a very optimistic forecast of proceedings at this year's Latin-English game written the night before. Any resemblance which actual events may have to these incidents is simply wonderful.*]

At 9:00 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day, nine optimistic Latin School Seniors entered the Harvard Stadium and, finding seats behind the Latin bench, began to settle down for a long wait. — In five minutes we had chosen sides, tied up a scarf to use as a ball, and begun a game of tag-football in the stands. After a few plays, however, we gave it up because the other spectators were annoying us.

After sitting down for five minutes, we had started arguments on starting line-ups, individual players, odds, and chances to be introduced to a charming miss or two. At 9:30, three beautiful girls were seen by our "spotter," who was trampled in the rush to meet them. We changed seats at our suggestion.

Nothing of interest happened until the middle of the second quarter. When we realized that "Our Boy" wasn't in at quarterback, we started yelling loudly, "WE WANT GANGIN! WE WANT GANGIN!!"

The coach turned around and, after

giving us a dirty look, sent in Gangin. When he got in, Gangin threw a long pass to Saugus, who made a circus catch in the end-zone to tie the score. After a few more plays, the half ended, and we realized how cold we had become.

A vendor passed near us yelling, "Hot, dogs?"

"No! We're freezing!" we answered numbly.

We then went to have a chat with the *Register* photographers and writers covering the game, and offered a few choice bits of advice. While talking to the statistics expert compiling the facts in a notebook, we overheard some character say, "Look at that jerk doing his homelessons."

During the third period we offered our assistance to the officials. But these "four blind mice" couldn't see all the clipping, holding, and offsides by English that we loudly pointed out.

Assisted by our coaching, the Latin School team beat a favored English High Eleven. Then twelve frozen figures (the nine boys and three girls) climbed into a car and drove home. We went over the whole game, scoring five more touchdowns for our favorites through superior coaching.





Football

By ED. SCHLOSBERG AND IRWIN MILLER

Prospects looked bright this fall as the Purple and White gridsters went out to better last year's rather dismal record. Newcomers to the coaching staff, Messrs. Lambert and McCarthy, helped to install the vaunted T-formation at B.L.S. this year. With a set of speedy, hard-running backs who could make the "T" click and a fast, rugged forward wall, Latin promised to provide plenty of stiff competition on the gridiron.

Coach Fitzgerald, when queried as to how the team would make out, came up with his usual sad prediction, "We won't win any games"; but the new grid season found Latin a much improved outfit. Fifteen boys returned from last year's varsity, nine of them Lettermen, but only three were starters against English. The line, as usual at Latin School, was not very big, but made up the lack of weight in speed. Their record speaks for itself.

Latin Mauls Memorial 19-0

October 2: With Braves' Field unavailable, Latin opened the season against the Green-and-Gold of Roxbury Memorial at nearby Fens Stadium. The Purple offensive power, hitherto an unknown quantity, really asserted itself by way of steady ground attack and deadly aerial barrage. Latin dominated the play from start to finish, scoring once in the first half and twice in the second.

Murphy kicked off; and, after an exchange of punts, Latin took over on their own 35-yard line. The Purple and White put on a sixty-yard sustained drive to

the Memorial "6." "Wally" Abrams sparked the advance with two long gains of 28 and 15 yards respectively. Several short line-bucks and a Garvin-to-Connelly aerial accounted for the rest. But, on the last play of the quarter, Latin fumbled, and Roxbury recovered to end the threat. Memorial gained ground on another exchange of punts and took the ball on their own "24." After picking up a few yards by straight football, they attempted a forward pass on third down. The Purple line, however, swarmed in on the passer; and the

resulting short lob was picked off by "Red" Connelly at the line of scrimmage. As "Mike" Mabry blocked out the last two defenders, "Red" streaked twenty-eight yards down the sidelines for the first touchdown of the season. Then the Latin stands went into an uproar when "Big Mike" broke the jinx of the past few years by place-kicking the extra point to put us out in front, 7-0.

The opening action of the second half was confined to a punting duel until John Gallagher broke through to block a Memorial kick and Latin recovered on the Roxbury "40." Before the startled Green-and-Gold defenders could gather their wits, "Joe" Garvin pitched a perfect left-handed strike to End "Jim" Savage, who continued down to the "20," and followed it with a six-yard flip to Connelly. Two plays later, standing on the eighteen-yard line, Garvin again wound up and hurled another accurate southpaw pass into the waiting arms of "Fingers" Savage, who stepped into the end-zone for the second score of the game. Mabry's conversion looked good to every one but the officials, and the score remained 13-0.

"Gal" got off another beautiful kick-off, which was returned to the Memorial "17." A long penalty pushed the foe back under the shadows of their own goalposts, and a poor kick left B.L.S. in possession on the "18." Latin was penalized back to the Memorial "23," but on first down little "Art" Garcia cut through a hole in the line, swivel-hipped his way through the secondary, and hit paydirt standing up. "Mike's" kick was blocked, and the score stood Latin—19, Memorial—0.

In the final quarter, after Latin had kicked off for the fifth straight time, Coach Fitzgerald inserted the whole second team. Here the opposition showed their only semblance of an offense, when they ran for two first downs and completed a long pass to the Latin "40"

as the final gun sounded to end the game.

The Latin Line-Up: Connelly (Higgins, Casey), LE; Gallagher (Burris), LT; Mabry (Giglio, Baatz), LG; Monato (Slattery), C; Kent, (Capidilupo, Fruit), RG; McLean (Barbarisi, Walker), RT; Savage (Flaherty, Graham), RE; Garvin (Tomasello, Karger), QB; Curran (Powell), RHB; Abrams (Garcia, Katz), LHB; Murphy (Connors, Markoff), FB.

	1	2	3	4	Total
LATIN	0	7	12	0—	19
Memorial	0	0	0	0—	0

Statistics

	<i>Latin</i>	<i>Memorial</i>
First Downs	5	3
Yards Gained Rushing	124	61
Yards Lost Rushing	21	27
Forwards Attempted	9	6
F.P. Completed	6	2
Yards Gained Passing	63	30
F.P. Intercepted by	2	0
Fumbles	5	0
Own Fumbles Recovered	3	0
Number of Punts	3	4
Average of Punts	23	27
Yards Penalized	35	25

—Drops from the Showers—

The speedy Latin backs and the line men literally "ran their opponents into the ground." So complete was their domination that Memorial never once set foot on B.L.S. territory until the very last play of the game. Roger Pushee, Memorial's outstanding ball-toter, was kept "bottled up" all day by the Latin defense. . . . "Red" Garvin was acting captain. Whom to pick as the individual hero had us stumped, for there were so many players who excelled. Mabry's extra point in the second quarter was the first successful place-kick for Latin since 1943; two extra points were scored against Memorial two years ago, but they were by rushing. . . .

. . . The play of the day! (Ha! ha!): In the third quarter Memorial tried a line-buck, and there was a terrific pile-up in the center of the line. Suddenly "Mike" Mabry emerged with the "stolen ball"

in his arms and sprinted forty yards for what he thought was a touchdown, but the whistle had been blown, and it was called back. (Poor "Mike"! Better luck next time!)

Latin Nips B.C. High on Safety

October 9: The Purple and White journeyed out to Columbia Stadium to take the field against the big, powerful Eaglets of B.C. High. Before the incoming fans had settled in their seats, Latin picked up two quick points on a safety. Then they stubbornly and courageously defended their slim lead to the end, to gain a hard-earned victory and upset their highly favored opponents.

The first half was marked by rugged play on both sides, as the ball changed hands on numerous occasions. The game started as B.C. High returned Gallagher's kick-off to their 20-yard line. Two quick penalties set them back to their "10" and then came Latin's big break. As the Eaglets lined up in punt formation, a bad pass from center went over the kicker's head, and "Jarrin' Jawn" Gallagher broke through and brought him down in the end-zone for a

safety. These two seemingly insignificant points proved enough to win, for the Latin defenders rose up to ward off all B.C. High's scoring threats.

Early in the second period, the Maroon and Gold blocked a Latin kick at mid-field and recovered the ball back on the B.L.S. "23", but they obligingly fumbled on first down. After Latin picked up their only first down of the half, they were forced to punt; and again B.C. High started rolling. They reached the Latin "18" before Gallagher took the ball away on a very unusual interception on the "23".

Latin received the kick-off in the second half, and the period was consumed by an exchange of punts, as neither offense could register substantial gains. In the fourth quarter, a B.C. High back broke loose for a 35-yard run but was finally hauled down by Curran



on the B.L.S. "25". The Eaglets went no further, however, as the Purple line drove them back and took the ball on downs. After running back a punt to the Latin "30", the Maroon and Gold put in one last desperate bid to win the game. As the full moon slowly rose over the Stadium walls, "Dick" Curran picked a B.C. High pass out of the evening shadows to put an end to the Eaglets' threat; and with it went their last hope of victory.

Latin Line-Up: Connelly, le; Gallagher, lt; Mabry, lg; Monafo, c; Kent (Capodilupo), rg; McLean (Burris), rt; Savage (Casey), re; Garvin (Tomasello), qb; Abrams (Garcia), lhb; Curran), rhb; Murphy (Casey), fb.

	1	2	3	4	Total
LATIN	2	0	0	0—	2
B.C.H.	0	0	0	0—	0

Statistics

	B.L.S.	B.C.H.
First Downs	2	4
Gained Rushing	72	134
Lost Rushing	24	36
Forwards Attempted	3	10
F.P. Completed	0	2
Gained Passing	0	10
F.P. Intercepted by	3	1
Fumbles	3	5
Own Fumbles Recovered	2	3
Number of Punts	8	3
Average of Punts	24	17

Runback of Punts	4	58
Yards Penalized	15	60

—Drops from the Showers—

Today's win was the more heart-warming because it helped to avenge the drubbings that the Eaglets have handed us in the past. . . . "Our boy" for today was "Dick" Curran, a lad who was making tackles all over the field and on more than one occasion prevented possible enemy touchdowns. . . . The Latin linemen really gave a demonstration of how to "knock out" the passer. . . . John Gallagher and "Art" McLean, our two stellar tackles, played a terrific game in the line and were continually breaking into the opposing backfield. . . . *The Play of the Day:* After B.C. High had driven all the way from their own "40" to the Latin "18", they attempted a forward pass. The passer was rushed and got off a hurried throw. Much to his surprise, six-foot John Gallagher reached high into the air and caught the ball, just two yards from the spot it was thrown. This unusual play came in the nick of time just as it seemed the Eaglets were headed for a touchdown. . . . During the last quarter it was really getting dark fast, which led, for better or for worse, to this jingle:

In the gloaming, oh, my goodness,
How our line ran to and fro,
Making tackles in the darkness,
As Eaglets vainly tried to go.

Latin Crushes Commerce

October 15: Out at Fens Stadium, the mighty men of Latin continued in their winning ways by walloping their "beloved neighbors" from across the street, to the tune of 12-0. Displaying an overwhelming running attack, the Purple backs tore gaping holes in the Commerce forward-wall, as Latin drove for single tallies in the second and third

quarters.

Latin received the opening kick-off; and then there followed the usual exchange of punts. Latin took possession on the Commerce "43". Garvin passed to Savage for eight yards, and a 25-yard run by Abrams put Latin in scoring position on the "9" at the beginning of the second period. The threat failed to ma-

terialize, however; for they were stopped short on the 2-yard line. The Purple and White were not to be denied; and before the half was over, they took over on the Commerce "45" and this time marched down the field in a steady, relentless drive for a touchdown. Little "Art" Garcia, who had borne the brunt of the attack, climaxed the drive by bucking over from the 7-yard line. The attempted conversion failed, and the score at the half remained 6-0; for Commerce could do little in the short time remaining.

After kicking off to begin the second half, Latin took over on the Commerce "46" and started once again to move the ball down the field. Abrams, Casey, and Garcia crashed through for repeated gains; but the attack bogged down the "13" as Latin just fell short of a first down. After the "Bookkeepers" had punted to their "45", the Purple and White struck back immediately. The aforementioned trio again took turns in ripping the Commerce line to shreds, and "Wally" Abrams plunged over from the 2-yard line to make the score 12-0. Mabry pulled a surprise when he attempted to pass for the extra point, but it failed to click.

During the remainder of the third quarter and throughout the fourth period, Commerce could do nothing but fill the air with desperation passes in a vain effort to score, and each time the on-rushing Purple line and excellent pass defense stopped them "dead in their tracks".

LATIN LINE-UP: Connelly (Higgins), le; Gallagher, lt; Mabry (Giglio), lg; Murphy (Slattery), c; Kent (Capodilupo), rg; McLean (McElroy), rt; Savage (Curran, Connors), re; Garvin (Tomasello), qb; Abrams (Markoff), lhb; Curran (Garcia, Graham), rhb; Casey (Prendergast), fb.

	1	2	3	4	Total
LATIN	0	6	6	0—	12
Commerce	0	0	0	0—	0

Statistics

	<i>Latin</i>	<i>Com.</i>
<i>First Down</i>	11	5
<i>Gained Rushing</i>	176	29
<i>Lost Rushing</i>	14	23
<i>Forwards Attempted</i>	4	19
<i>Forwards Completed</i>	2	5
<i>Gained Passing</i>	27	51
<i>F.P. Intercepted by</i>	2	0
<i>Fumbles</i>	2	1
<i>Own Fumbles Recovered</i>	0	1



Number of Punts	6	8
Average of Punts	26	29
Runback of Punts	41	19
Yards Penalized	15	25

—*Drops from the Showers*—

Latin was back in the "Dust Bowl" again, but probably for the last time, because Braves Field will be available for future games. . . . Don't look now, but the team that wasn't supposed to "win any games" is now riding along undefeated, untied, and unscored upon. . . . Much of today's success was due to the hard-charging Purple linemen, who on offense opened huge gaps in the enemy line and on defense completely throttled their running attack. . . . Forward passes were Commerce's only hope, but they could complete only five out of nineteen against the alert Latin pass-defense. . . . Our boys for today were those two little scatbacks, "Wally" Abrams and "Art" Garcia. They were the sparkplugs of the Latin running at-

tack, and each accounted for one touchdown. . . . "Big Ed" Murphy was switched to the pivot position in place of "Bill" Monafio, who had suffered a brain concussion in practise. "Walt" Casey did an excellent job filling in for "Murph" at fullback. . . . And speaking of changes, gone are the days of the water-bucket and paper-cup; now "Fire-Chief" Hugh Murphy sends in a "new-fangled fire-extinguisher" that squirts the water down the players' throats and washes their faces in the bargain. . . . THE PLAY OF THE DAY: "Fingers" Savage twice gave evidence of his prowess as a top-notch pass-receiver. Each time, with two defenders literally "hanging on his back", "Jim" pulled in the pigskin and held on to it, even though knocked down viciously. . . .

Although the Latin offense was something to watch, the boy who really stole the show was the fan who brought along his portable radio to hear the "World Series".

Purple Wallops Dorchester

October 22: Back at Braves Field again, the Latin juggernaut buried Dorchester under a 27-0 deluge to notch its fourth win in a row. The Purple played conservatively and scored only once before the half ended; but early in the third quarter Latin unleashed its full power to rack up three touchdowns and turn the game into a rout.

Dorchester kicked off, and there was very little offensive action as Latin kept punting on first down. The excitement began when, after faking a kick, Curran ran "33" yards to the Latin "43." A pass to Savage ate up ten yards; and Garcia, running, picked up another first down. Then a Purple pass boomeranged as a Red and Black defender snatched it on his own "20" and ran it back to the Latin "40." In the second quarter Gal-

lagher pounced on a Dorchester fumble on their "47", but another Latin aerial was intercepted on the "26." After Garcia had run a Dorchester-kick back to their "34," Latin began the pay-off push. Abrams started it with a 12-yard run to the "24." After a 5-yard penalty, Garcia and Abrams lugged the pigskin to the 11-yard stripe for a first down. Then, after Latin was stopped for three downs, Abrams again crashed through for a first down on the 1-yard line. "Dick" Curran plunged over on the next play to put Latin in the lead, and Mabry's placement was perfect making the score 7-0. Dorchester had time for only one play as the half ended.

It didn't take Latin long to score in the second half. Garcia ran back the

opening kick off fifteen yards to the B.L.S. "38." Little "Wally" Abrams broke loose on an off-tackle smash and galloped 25 yards. A penalty put the ball on the Dorchester "22," where "Wally" again took the ball on an end-sweep, and this time romped the full distance down the side-lines for a touch-down. The attempted conversion was wide, and Latin remained out in front, 13-0. Before the cheering had died out, the Purple scored again. After Gallagher kicked off, a bad pass from center went over the Dorchester kicker's head and "Dick" Curran, outspeeding the enemy backfield, fell on the ball at the 4-yard line. "Wally" Abrams carried it over on second down for his second score. Mabry threw a surprise pass to Garvin for the extra point, making it

Latin's final tally came on the first play of the fourth quarter. "Bob" Tomasello broke through and blocked a Dorchester punt on their "23" and then scooped up the loose ball and sprinted into the end zone for the score. Markoff rushed the point-after to run the count up to 27-0.

Latin Line-Up (or "Everybody but the manager")

LE., Curran (Connelly, Glover)
 LT., McLean (Burris, Baatz)
 LG., Mabry (Giglio, Labosco)
 C., Murphy (Slattery, Flaherty)
 RG., Kent (Capodilupo, McElroy)
 RT., Gallagher (Barbarisi, Connors)
 RE., Savage (Higgins, Traves)
 QB., Garvin (Tomasello, Karger)
 LHB., Abrams (Markoff, Katz)
 RHB., Garcia (Powell, Graham)
 FB., Tomasello (Curran, Casey)

	1	2	3	4	Total
LATIN	0	7	13	7—	27
Dorchester	0	0	0	0—	0

Statistics

	<i>Latin</i>	<i>Dor.</i>
First Downs	7	6
Gained Rushing	145	98
Lost Rushing	14	16
Forwards Attempted	4	8
F.P. Completed	1	4
Gained Passing	10	23
F.P. Intercepted by	1	2
Fumbles	1	7
Own Fumbles Recovered	0	3
Number of Punts	6	7
Average of Punts	26	24
Runback of Punts	29	21
Yards Penalized	25	75

—Drops from the Showers—

It was nice being back at good old Braves Field. What's more, the team received a moral lift from the revitalized Latin cheering section. In the second half the Dorchester boys wanted to play rough, and two of their players and one Latinite got the "old heave-ho." Later in the game, someone on the Latin bench yelled out, "If you wanna fight, throw away the ball." . . . Our boy for today was "Wally" Abrams. "Wally" scored two touchdowns, set up another, and accounted for more than half of Latin's total yardage. . . . It seems that whenever there's an enemy fumble, blocked kick, or a long pass, John Gallagher is right on the spot. . . .

The play of the day: After kicking on three successive first downs, "Dick" Curran dropped back a fourth time. He caught the enemy defense completely napping when he suddenly tucked the ball under his arm and was off like a streak around right end. He almost broke loose for a touchdown, but was brought down by the safety man after a 35-yard run. This play started Latin rolling; and from there on, they walked all over Dorchester.



Latin's Streak Smashed

November 2: Latin was rudely dumped from the ranks of the undefeated today when they took the long trek out to Southboro, to take on a rugged, power-laden St. Mark's eleven. The home team proved to be too big and strong for the Purple as they handed out a 24-6 shellacking. Latin managed to hold the enemy to one touchdown in the first half with good defensive play, but they were overwhelmed in the second half when St. Mark's tallied three times to "salt the game away."

Dempsey kicked off for Latin to open hostilities. Several minutes later, a thirty-yard run put St. Mark's on the B.L.S. "25"; and from there they immediately scored on one of their baffling reverses. The conversion went wide; but St. Mark's led 6-0, and the Latin goal line had been crossed for the first time this season. Soon afterwards St. Mark's again marched down the field; but this time the plucky Purple forward-wall stopped them on the "one" yard stripe, with a great goal line stand. In the second stanza a 17-yard jaunt by "Art" Garcia started Latin rolling as they penetrated into enemy territory for the first time, only to have their offensive threat choked off by a costly penalty and pass interception.

In the second half St. Mark's scored as soon as they got their hands on the ball. They took over on the B.L.S. "45" and carried the ball across in six plays to make the score 12-0. The extra point try was blocked. Again Latin received the kick off; and this time, after picking up a first down, they fumbled on their "80". On the very next play, St. Mark's passed; and one of their ends hauled down the long loft in the end zone for their third tally. The try for the point was no good. Early in the fourth quarter "Jawn" Gallagher blocked

a kick on the enemy "30" to give Latin its first scoring chance. "Dick" Curran crashed through the line, with three tacklers hanging on his back for a fifteen-yard gain, to set up the tally on the one-yard "Bob" Tomasello then bulled his way over on a quarterback sneak; and when "Mike's" kick was blocked, the score stood 18-6.

This touchdown apparently aroused St. Mark's; for they stormed back down the field after taking the ball on their own "35" and registered their final marker of the day on a series of devastating pass plays. The clock "ran out" before Latin could do any damage; and the Purple went down to their initial defeat, 24-6.

Latin Line-Up

R.E., Curran (Leahy, Connelly)
 R.T., McLean (Burris)
 R.G., Kent, (Capodilupo)
 C., Murphy (Barton)
 L.G., Mabry
 L.T., Gallagher (Connors)
 L.E., Savage (Glover)
 Q.B., Garvin (Dempsey)
 R.H.B., Garcia (Powell)
 L.H.B., Abrams (Sullivan)
 F.B., Tomasello (Curran, Casey)

Statistics

	1	2	3	4	Total
St. Mark's	6	0	12	6	24
Latin	0	0	0	6	6

St.

Latin - St. Mark's

First Downs	4	11
Gained Rushing	116	195
Lost Rushing	10	16
Forwards Attempted	9	13
Forwards Completed	2	9
Gained Passing	15	131
F.P. Intercepted by	1	3
Fumbles	1	1

Own Fumbles Recovered	0	0
Number of Punts	4	2
Average of Punts	29	23
Runback of Punts	0	48
Yards Penalized	10	30

—*Drops from the Showers*—

The St. Mark's boys were not very gracious hosts "as they severely trounced their previously unbeaten guests. . . . "Jim" Lowell, the St. Mark's captain, could not be stopped as he beat Latin almost single-handedly with his terrific running and deadly pitching. . . . "Ed" Murphy and "Dick" Curran have been elected Co-Captains. It couldn't have happened to two nicer "guys"; both are great team players, who gladly gave up the glory of the backfield when vitally needed to plug the gaps in the forward wall. . . . The team was bolstered by the additions of Sullivan, Barton, Dempsey, and Leahy, who were previously ineligible. These boys saw plenty of ser-

vice in the second half, when Coach Fitzgerald rested his regulars for the East Boston game. . . . Our boys for today are "Mike" Mabry and "Ed" Murphy; they were towers of strength on defense and were continually stopping the hard-running enemy backs. . . .

Comments heard during game:

1st Touchdown — O, Oh! there goes Latin's unscored upon record.

2nd Touchdown — Well, there goes Latin's unbeaten record.

3rd Touchdown — Hmph! There goes Latin.

Play for the day—Just when the Latin attack ball slowed down on the St. Mark's "18", "Ed" Dempsey got away a hurried pass, which struck a defensive backer-up on the shoulder and was deflected into the air. "Art" Garcia, playing his usual "heads up" game, alertly grabbed it on the 9-yard line to give Latin a first down. This play helped set up Latin's only touchdown.

Latin Edges Eastie

November 5: Latin climbed back on the victory trail again as they edged out a 6-0 win over a fighting East Boston team. After three scoreless periods the Purple tallied in the fourth, and then in the waning moments of the game stemmed a furious East Boston attack, to come out on top.

Latin kicked off: and, with the aid of a strong wind, they kept Eastie "bottled-up" deep in their own territory throughout the first quarter. Runs by Garcia and Abrams twice gave Latin scoring chances, but each time the E.B. defense rose up to stop them on the "20." In the second quarter, Eastie entered B.L.S. territory with a long run to the Latin "40". They then reached the 20-yard line on a series of short bucks before the Purple line held for downs.

Curran and Dempsey ran the ball up to midfield before the half ended.

After the intermission the "Noddle Islanders" came back as if they were going to blast Latin off the field. Gallagher's long kick-off went through the end zone and the ball was brought back to the "20". On the first play from scrimmage an Eastie back broke through the Latin line and was away for a 40-yard gain before the safety man "Art" Garcia pulled him down from behind. The next play carried it all the way to the B.L.S. 12-yard line; but two passes fell incomplete, and Latin took the ball on downs. After a long punt by Curran, East Boston marched down the field again; but "Ed" Dempsey intercepted a pass on the Latin "10" to halt the drive. This turned the tide in La-



Latin 19	—	Memorial	0
Latin 2	—	B. C. H.	0
Latin 12	—	Commerce	0
Latin 27	—	Dorchester	0
Latin 6	—	St. Mark's	24
Latin 6	—	E. B.	0
Latin 0	—	Trade	24
Latin 6	—	Tech	7
Latin 0	—	English	19



tin's favor, as the Purple offensive "caught fire", and roared back down the field. "Dick" Curran started Latin moving when he broke into the clear and galloped twenty-eight yards to the B.L.S. "38". Here "Bob" Tomasello took over, and he picked up a first down on the midfield stripe, and then drove off tackle to the E.B. "32". But the first play of the last quarter the Purple assault was momentarily stopped by a pass interception on the 26-yard line.

Then Latin got its big break. An East Boston punt was blocked on third down, and "Mike" Mabry recovered on the "25". Latin immediately took advantage of this golden opportunity. Two smashes by Garcia moved the pigskin down to the "17". Then "Dick" Curran, shaking off a whole host of enemy tacklers, fought his way down to the one-yard line. On the next play "Dick" plunged over to give Latin its winning six points and the only score of the game. A 15-yard penalty nullified Mabry's perfect place-kick, and his subsequent pass was incomplete.

But the contest was not over by any means, as East Boston fought back valiantly in the closing minutes of the game. After a poor kick-off had traveled only as far as their 40-yard line, Eastie "took off" their highly potent aerial attack. In eight plays they moved fifty-five yards down the field for a first down on the Latin 5-yard line. With only a minute left to play the Latin rooters nearly had heart failure; but two cracks at the sturdy line and an incomplete pass failed to net any yardage. Then a last desperate line-plunge was stopped short on the one-yard line, as the final blast of the whistle sounded, giving Latin a hard-earned victory.

LATIN LINE-UP: Leahy (Curran), le; Gallagher, lt; Mabry, lg; Barton (Murphy), c; Murphy (Kent), rg; McLean, rt; Higgins (Savage, Glover), re;

Dempsey (Garvin), qb; Curran (Abrams), lhb; Garcia, rhb; Tomasello, fb.

	1	2	3	4—Total
LATIN	0	0	0	6—6
EAST				
BOSTON	0	0	0	0—0

Statistics

	Latin	East Boston
First Downs	6	10
Gained Rushing	171	186
Lost Rushing	20	24
Forwards Attempted	2	9
Forwards Completed	0	4
Gained Passing	0	63
F.P. Intercepted by	1	2
Fumbles	4	3
Own Fumbles Recovered	2	2
Number of Punts	2	4
Average of Punts	38	18
Runback of Punts	17	16
Yards Penalized	20	15

—Drops from the Showers—

Today's win brought Latin's record in the Boston Conference to 5 wins and no losses. Of the 16 schools in the league, only Trade and Latin are undefeated. . . . Our Coach Fitzgerald introduced for the first time his defensive and offensive line-ups. On the defensive team Leahy and Higgins are at ends, and Dempsey and Curran move into the backfield. . . . "Our boy for today" was Co-Capt. "Dick" Curran: "Dick" highlighted the Purple attack with his flashy running and picked up the big yardage in the second-half drive that netted the only score of the game. . . . Our other Co-Captain, "Ed" Murphy, started at guard and played an outstanding game on the defense. . . . Why was the Latin cheering section so quiet? They must have been too busy watching those female cheer-leaders from East Boston. . . . "Frank" Doherty, the assistant

manager, became a one-man cheering section or was jumping up and down just to keep warm? . . .

"The play of the day": Midway through the third quarter East Boston tried to punt on third down, from their "30". After the kicker had juggled the pass from center, the speedy Purple line

swarmed in to partially block the boot. It went straight up in the air, and "Mike" Mabry leaped high up to snatch the ball from out of the hands of the Eastie backs and recover for B.L.S. on the "25". This gave Latin its big break and set the stage for the Purple's touch-down drive.

Trade Beats B.L.S.

November 12: Latin's hopes for the City Championship were completely shattered when they were outclassed and outlucked by a well-drilled Trade outfit. The fleet-footed Trade backs ran wild as they scored in every period to overwhelm Latin by a 24-0 score.

Latin kicked off and managed to check the enemy advances for most of the first quarter. A costly fumble of a punt, however, gave Trade the ball on the B.L.S. "45". They immediately "shook loose" one of their "pint-sized" speedsters, who travelled the full distance to give Trade its first score of the game. The extra point try was missed.

At the start of the second quarter, after Latin had punted, another Trade scatback ran through a maze of Purple defenders for a 54-yard jaunt to put Trade in front, 12-0. A running attempt for the point-after was stopped short. Then the Purple defense got back on its feet and completely stifled the Trade attack for the remainder of the half, but the damage had been done.

In the second half, Latin continued to hold its own, aided by a 50-yard punt by "Gene" Higgins, and the fine defensive play of Garvin and McLean. At one time, they penetrated as far as the Trade "19" before losing the ball on an intercepted aerial. Late in the third quarter, Latin received another bad break at midfield; a poor pass from center made it impossible for Higgins to get a kick away, and Trade recovered on

the B.L.S. "25". Five tries at the Latin line ended in another tally and made the score 18-0. The place-kick was blocked.

After the kick-off, a tricky pass-play gave Latin a first down on the Trade "44," but another wild pass from center resulted in a 20-yard loss.

In the closing minutes of the game, Trade intercepted a desperate heave by Latin on the B.L.S. "20" and added their final marker on a 23-yard touch-down pass.

Latin Line-up

Curran (Higgins, Flaherty), le; Gallagher, lt; Mabry, lg; Murphy (Barton), c; Kent (Capodilupo), rg; McLean, rt.; Connelly (Leahy), re; Dempsey (Garvin), qb; Katz (Abrams), lhb; Garcia (Powell, Graham), rhb; Tomasello (Casey, Pendergast), fb.

	1	2	3	4	Total
Trade	6	6	6	6	24
LATIN	0	0	0	0	0

Statistics

	<i>Latin</i>	<i>Trade</i>
First Downs	2	6
Gained Rushing	67	232
Lost Rushing	21	46
Forwards Attempted	5	1
Forwards Completed	0	1
Gained Passing	0	23
F.P. Intercepted by	0	3
Fumbles	3	1
Own Fumbles Recovered	2	0
Number of Punts	7	7
Average of Punts	26	28
Runback of Punts	17	12
Yards Penalized	20	60

—*Drops from the Showers*—

It wasn't drops that fell on Latin; it was a flood. . . . In the clash between two undefeated teams, Trade left no doubt as to who should be the City Champions when they eliminated their last rivals. The Trade squad was obviously "up" for the game and got several good breaks on the Latin miscues. . . . Coach Fitzgerald started several "second stringers" with his regulars hampered by injuries. . . . Our boys for today were "Sam" McLean and "Joe" Garvin. "Mac," who receives little limelight at his tackle position, time and again stopped the Trade advance with his consistent and aggressive playing; and "Red" Garvin, more

noted for his offensive prowess, made many tackles in the secondary while he was in the ball game. . . .

The Play of the Day: On the first play of the fourth quarter, trailing 18-0, Latin enlivened the contest with a bit of "razzle-dazzle". Lining up in punt formation, the ball was snapped-back short to Garvin. "Joe" whipped a quick-pass to Leahy at right end, and he in turn lateralled to "Dick" Curran, coming up fast from the kicker's position. "Dick" fought off the Trade secondary and sprinted 30 yards down the sideline before being forced offside by the safety-man. We suspect that Coach Fitzgerald has more such tricks "up his sleeve" for the English game.

Latin Loses Heartbreaker

November 19: The Purple and White made their last appearance of the season at Braves Field when they engaged a strong Tech outfit in a tune-up for the Turkey Day clash with English. Latin scored in the third quarter to offset an earlier Tech tally, but they went down to a 7-6 defeat when they missed the vital conversion and were then thwarted in a valiant last-period bid for victory.

Coach Fitzgerald made drastic revisions in the Purple line-up, as he experimented for the English game, and started an almost entirely new back-field and line. Tech taking possession on their "20," let loose their "spark-plug," McMahon, who galloped sixty yards to Latin's "19" before he was pulled down from behind on a diving tackle by "Ed" Murphy.

After the teams changed sides for the quarter, Tech registered another first down on the Latin 7-yard line, but the rejuvenated Purple line halted them on the "4". Latin's attempt to punt out of danger, however, went only as far as their "22"; and from here the Technicians punched it across in three plays to go out in front, 6-0. Then the place-

kick "cleaved the uprights" and proved to be Latin's undoing.

Latin came out fighting in the second half and determined to win, but the breaks were against them. In the first minute of play in the third quarter the Purple line blocked a Tech kick, but the enemy recovered on their "15" and punted to midfield. Latin proceeded to keep Tech hemmed in, and soon afterwards "Dick" Curran pounced on a fumble on their "30." With Garcia, Mabry, and Curran taking alternate cracks at the line, Latin ground out two first downs before "Mike" Mabry plunged over from the one-yard line. Then, on the crucial placement attempt, the Tech line charged in fast, and Mike's hurried kick was no good as it sailed just a trifle to the left of the cross-bar. The score remained Tech 7, Latin 6.

Early in the final period a 30-yard runback by Curran gave B.L.S. the ball on the Tech "48," but they could gain little. Late in the game Latin's hopes rose as Barton intercepted a pass on the "10" and ran it back to the B.L.S. "40." Latin made a first down on the Tech "32," when interference was ruled on a

long heave from Mabry to Murphy. With less than two minutes left to play, three passes failed to net any appreciable yardage. On last down, after Murphy had outrun the Tech secondary, "Mike's" pass fell just beyond "Ed's" outstretched arms as he stumbled on the goal-line. The game ended one play later, and Latin had lost a "tough one" by the slight margin of an extra point.

Latin Line-up: Murphy (Leahy), le; Gallagher, lt; McElroy, lg; Barton (Murphy), c; Capodilupo, rg; McLean, rt; Casey (Curran), re; Tomasello (Garvin), qb; Abrams (Garcia), lhb; Mabry, rhb; Curran (Prendergast), fb.

	1	2	3	4	Total
Tech	0	7	0	0	7
LATIN	0	0	6	0	6

Statistics

	<i>Latin</i>	<i>Tech</i>
First Downs	8	8
Gained Rushing	110	127
Lost Rushing	7	22
Forwards Attempted	8	5
Forwards Completed	2	3
Gained Passing	27	36
F.P. Intercepted by	1	1
Fumbles	1	4
Own Fumbles Recovered	1	3
Number of Punts	6	4
Average of Punts	29	39
Runback of Punts	41	15
Yards Penalized	20	22

—Drops from the Showers—

Lady Luck frowned on Latin School, and they were defeated by the only extra point scored against them this season. . . . "Jim" McMahon, Tech's star halfback, kept Latin "on edge" throughout the game with his dangerous running, kicking, and passing. . . . "Mike" Mabry, one of the best linemen in the city, was shifted to right halfback; and, "lo and behold," Latin came up with a triple-threat of their own. . . . The savage blocking and tackling of the Purple line showed its effects in the second half, as many Tech players were carried off the field. . . . "Our boy for today" was the omnipresent "Mike" Mabry. "Mike" "stole the show" with his devastating line-bucking, passing, and kicking, and did an outstanding job backing up the line. . . . The Latin line kept intact its record of having blocked at least one kick per game; of course, that "tall tackle with the blond hair" was in on it. . . . "Walt" Casey and "Pete" Capodilupo played an aggressive game in the line, filling in for the injured regulars, Savage and Kent. . . . *The Play of the Day:* Towards the end of the final quarter, Tech tried a pass deep in Latin territory. Tomasello leaped high to bat it down, and the alert "Buzz" Barton gathered it in on the 10-yard line and galloped thirty yards back up the field to the B.L.S. "40." This play revived Latin's dying hopes, but they couldn't push over the winning score.

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English Overwhelms Latin 19-0

On a cold, clear day at Harvard Stadium upwards of 22,000 alumni, school-boys and escorts were on hand to watch two traditional rivals battle it out in their 59th annual Turkey Day Classic.

As things turned out, however, the Blue and Blue powerhouse was stronger than expected and ran roughshod over the plucky Purple eleven to register a smashing 19-0 triumph. English, led by their "Mystery back" Dan Brosnahan, dominated the play in the first half as they drove down the field for a single touchdown in the first quarter and struck again for two more quick tallies in the second stanza. After piling up their early three-touchdown lead, they coasted to victory from thereon in. Latin's own offensive hardly had a chance to get started, being slowed down by excessive fumbling, which lost them much yardage, and superior opposition.

The battle was under way as "Bob" Tomasello kicked off to the English 25-yard line, where Mabry made the tackle. On the very first play, "Dick" Curran, the brilliant Purple fullback, was forced from the game with a torn ligament, and

Latin was without his services for the remainder of the tilt. After the Blue-and-Blue failed to gain in two rushes, "Old Faithful" John Gallagher smashed through and blocked their kick. But the alert Brosnahan turned this to English's advantage when he caught the ball on the fly and ran it up ten yards for a first down. Then, on a reverse, he cavorted all the way to the Latin "40." At this point the Purple defence stiffened, forcing English to punt. Latin fell one yard short of a first down on their own "32" and on fourth down "Mike" Mabry got off one of his long spiralling boots, which was downed by Murphy on the English "25."

Then the powerful Blue-and-Blue juggernaut began to roll, and they rumbled down the field as their gigantic forwards opened up huge gaps in the Latin line. With the "Three B's,"—Balfour, Balerna, and Brosnahan—carrying the mail, English ran up five consecutive first downs to put the ball on the B.L.S. 12-yard line. When the Purple offered stiffer resistance, English resorted to the air route to score, as Brosnahan rifled one to Captain Lou

Tsvaris in the end-zone to give the "Double-Blue" a six-point lead.

"Mike" Mabry returned the subsequent kickoff fifteen yards to the B.L.S. "44." Short gains by Mabry and Prendergast moved the ball into English territory and "Art" Garcia scampered twelve yards for a first down on the E.H.S. "36." Mabry heaved a long pass down to the English 5-yard line, but Savage was covered perfectly; and the ball was intercepted, ruining Latin's chance to get back in the game. After English had picked up a first down, the quarter came to a close and the teams changed goals. Now, having the wind as its back, English booted and gained twenty yards on the ensuing exchange of punts, the pigskin resting on the E.H.S. "47." Before the startled Latinites could collect their wits, Luciano suddenly reared back and whipped a pass to Dell Orfano. The latter gathered it in on the B.L.S. "35," eluded two bewildered Latin defenders, and sprinted down the sidelines to pay-dirt. The extra point was deflected over the cross-bar, and their sudden and unexpected thrust had put English in front, 13-0.

Latin returned the kick-off to their "32," and on fourth down "Joe" Garvin pulled off a daring quarterback sneak to gain five yards and a first down. On the next play, a forward pass bounded off the fingertips of "Jim" Savage leaping high in the air on the E.H.S. "45." It was deflected right into the hands of Latin's perpetual nemesis, Brosnahan, who returned it to the B.L.S. "42"; and that proved to be the jumping-off point for the Double-Blues' third touchdown march. The tally put English on the long end of a 19-0 count and marked the end of the day's scoring.

After a tricky, bounding kick-off, the Purple took over on their own eleven-yard line. "Wally" Abrams started Latin rolling with an eleven-yard spurt to the "22." "Art" Garcia scampered off-tackle to the B.L.S. "40," and a pass from Mabry to Garvin brought another first down at midfield. But after Latin's attack was bogged down by fumbling, "Mike," standing on his "35," booted all the way into the end-zone against the wind.

English took over on their "20," and on first down John Gallagher "tackled



the ball" on the "28" to give Latin its first shot at a score. However, an off-side penalty pushed them back, and on fourth down a flat pass from Mabry to Garcia was just inches short of a first down. English took over, and in the next sequence of downs the gun went off, bringing the hectic first half to a close.

After the intermission, Latin came out fighting in a game attempt to get back into the ball game. Gallagher launched hostilities in the second half with a booming kick into the end zone.

English took over on the "20," and soon afterwards "Art" Garcia "stole the ball" again on their "38." Latin struck back immediately as two plunges by Powell and Garcia ate up fifteen yards. Two more sweeps by Powell sandwiched around a Garvin-to-Murphy aerial moved the ball down to the 8-yard line; but the Purple lost ground on another fumble and were unable to dent the massive English frontier. Later in the period Speedster "Art" Powell gathered in an English punt at mid-field and on a brilliant runback he "hot-footed" it thirty yards down the sidelines to the "19" before being forced off-side. This run brought the offense back to life. Mabry hit center for "5," and "Art" Garcia sliced off-tackle for four more. Latin was beginning to look dangerous. But it happened again; another fumble, and Latin saw its best scoring chance of the day dissipated.

In the fourth quarter, the Purple continued to keep the Blue-and-Blue bottled up deep in their own territory as Murphy and Mabry recovered English fumbles; but still Latin kept on making costly miscues, and they could not score. Toward the end of the game Brosnahan ran back a Latin punt to the English "40," and once more English's "Three B's" started to run wild in an effort to sting Latin for a fourth touchdown. They piled up five first downs in a row

as they kept the tired Latin line in a constant retreat towards their own goal. With one last effort on the 4-yard line, the Purple repulsed the onrushing horde as the final gun sounded to end Latin's nightmare.

LATIN LINE-UP

Murphy (Connelly, Leahy), le; Gallagher (Burris), lt; Capodilupo (McElroy), lg; Barton (Flaherty), c; Kent (Giglio, Walker), rg; McLean (Connors), rt; Savage (Casey, Higgins), re; Tomasello (Garvin, Dempsey), qb; Garcia (Powell, Markoff), lhb; Mabry (Abrams, Graham), rhb; Curran (Prendergast, Katz) fb.

Statistics

	<i>Latin</i>		<i>English</i>	
First Downs	8		18	
Gained Rushing	136		281	
Lost Rushing	34		6	
Forwards Attempted	14		6	
Forwards Completed	5		3	
Gained Passing	27		74	
Own F.P. Intercepted	3		0	
Fumbles	8		5	
Own Fumbles Recovered	8		1	
Number of Punts	6		4	
Average of Punts	33		31	
Return of Punts	35		16	
Yards Penalized	40		30	
	1	2	3	4 T
English	6	13	0	0—19
LATIN	0	0	0	0—0

—Drops from the Showers—

The boys "played their hearts out" in a vain effort to present Coach Fitzgerald with a victory on his Silver anniversary at Latin School mentor. A win would have given him an even record against English over the twenty-five-year span, but Latin could not come through. . . . In the pre-game rally "Fitzy" warned that English had the brawn and the speed while Latin could oppose with only their BRAINS. He was right; and English knocked the Purple's BRAINS out to win, 19-0. . . . Co-Capt. "Dick"

Curran, Latin's spirited field leader, was the most down-hearted person in the Stadium. After recently having proven himself one of the best ground gainers on the team, "Dick" never got a chance to display his great ability. He was sorely missed in the backfield, after being forced out on the very first play with a torn ligament. . . . We must also pay tribute to another great athlete: Co-Capt. "Ed" Murphy. "Ed" played an outstanding game at end, the fourth position in which he has started this season. . . . Special mention must also be made of four boys who stood out above the others in a game where every one gave his utmost; John Gallagher, making tackles all over the field and blocking his fifth kick of the season; "Mike" Mabry, a marked man all day, receiving incessant pounding from the English linemen but still showing the brand of football that has made him an All-Scholastic; "Little Arthur" Garcia, a stand-out for his fine running and defensive play; and last of all, "Art" Powell, virtually an unknown, showing dazzling speed and clever running in the second half. . . . A salute to backs Abrams, Garvin, and Tomasello and linemen McLean and Savage, who played so well in their final appearance in the

Purple and White of Latin School. . . .

PLAY OF THE DAY: From Latin's point of view, there was little to shout about, but early in the game there was one play which might have turned the tables for Latin School. On third down, English attempted a punt from their "26." John Gallagher broke in and blocked it, but it was English who recovered for a first down. This break turned the tide in favor of the Blue and Blue, and it was all English from thereon in. . . . In closing, we cannot give enough credit to Coach Fitzgerald and his able assistants, "Ed" Lambert and "Pepper" McCarthy. The team they turned out gave a very creditable performance in spite of the short time that they had had to work with the "T" formation. We offer our thanks to Manager "Hugh" Murphy and his crew of assistants for an efficient job. Congratulations also to the B.L.S. Band, under the direction of "Bob" McCabe, and to our spirited cheerleaders, "Fran" Irons, "Phil" Barach, "Bob" Bond, "Warren" Finn, and Elias Thomas. . . . Although the team was not one of the greatest in Latin's history, it provided many thrills throughout the season and was a credit to the school.

THE SENIORS OF B.L.S.

(301, 302, 303, 304, 306, 307)

AFTER TOILING FOR FOUR OR SIX (OR MORE) YEARS
NOW

STANDING AT THE THRESHOLD OF SUCCESS
TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF WISHING
THE SCHOOL AND ITS FRIENDS

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

Spirit

For many years, Latin School has been playing football. The brand of football has been good. It has not been exceptional, however; and our school has had its bad years. All of us would like to see B.L.S. have a winning team.

Well, what makes a winning team? Speed? Yes. Hustle? Yes. Skill? Yes. But these are not the only factors. The one characteristic that really makes or breaks a team is spirit.

Spirit of the student body is comparatively neglected in this school, although it needn't be. Even though Latin has more than some schools, many schools have much more than we do.

How can Latin have more spirit? Here are three ways that would help:

1. *Attendance*: Although Latin plays all or most of its games in the nearby Fens Stadium, and the not-so-far-away Braves Field, there are more fleas on a fish than there are loyal rooters at our games. If the men on the team are representing you, then why don't you go out and see them play? After all, there's nothing wrong with a football game, although one might think so to judge by the straggling few Latin men who appear.

2. *Cheers*: Other schools have tricky, sharp-sounding cheers that buoy up the team. B.L.S. has threadbare, dull cheers that lift one as high as Death Valley. Why can't Latin have effective cheers? We could have if combined intelligence and ingenuity were exercised. Why can't we have a contest to originate inspiring cheers? Although it is too late to use them this year, we could use them in '47 and thereafter.

3. *Cheerleaders*: Last, but not by a long shot the least, is the matter of cheerleaders. Not that the present cheerleaders are not doing well, but we may discover we have better. Where? Well, just walk across the street in the back of the school, and there is the feminine version of B.L.S. Why can't we use G.L.S. girls for cheerleaders? Other schools have used girls for cheerleaders, and with great success. Why can't we? There must be some girls over there who would be glad to cooperate. The team wouldn't mind, and the fans wouldn't be too sad about it, either.

With these three suggestions heeded, we might get a livelier spirit into our aged Alma Mater. — "Could be!"

Room 208 sends greetings to its teachers,
Who have inspired their minds and scarred their features,
To Mr. Benson, our English teacher,
To Scientist Carrol, our physics teacher,
To Monsieur McGuffin, old softie forlorn.
To Mr. Kozodoy, whose Math tests we mourn,
To Mr. Dolan, whose Cicero we fear,

We wish A MERRY XMAS and A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

EDITORIALS₀₈

By Way of Suggestion

Are you one of the "sloppy Joes" who come to school without a necktie, with shirt-sleeves rolled up to the shoulders and hair hanging down over the eyes? Are you? Bad . . . *very* bad! Of course, I realize that with hair down, it is difficult for the teacher to see where your eyes are roaming during a Latin test; but that's no excuse. Think of the effect it has on your fellow-students and your teachers. They think of you always as the boy without a tie. Some day, perhaps, you'll want a teacher to recommend you for college, and you'll say to him, "Mr. 'So and So', will you give me a recommendation for East Oshkosh University?" Mr. "So and So" will then try to think of something commendable to say about you; and all he can remember is that you were not neat. (Of course, if you get good marks, you can afford to be that way.) Being a good sport (all teachers are good sports), he will write some half-hearted line about how considerate you always were — to the neighbor's cat. This is your reward for following the path of the rolled-up sleeve, the unkempt hair, and the invisible necktie.

Then there is the student who dashes to his seat at 8:48. He tries to do it while the teacher is closing the Bible, hoping that he will escape detection. Of course, he forgets his note the next day; and when he does bring it in, it is usually signed by some distant cousin or an older sister. The excuses never vary: "The alarm clock didn't ring"; . . . "There was a tie-up" . . . "My cat had kittens" . . . "Unavoidably detained at home." Nobody ever comes out and says, "I was late because I was too lazy to get up." Needless to say, tardiness is a bad habit to form. All it takes to get to school on time is waking up fifteen minutes earlier.

Each year the spitball brigade recruits new members. At the same time there is an increase in the number of boys who think that Misdemeanor Marks are the kind of marks one needs to get into college. Pranks, talking out of turn, and other types of misbehavior never pay off. The feeling of being a big shot wears off when people begin to judge you by your merits instead of your demerits. The old urge to "join the gang and have some fun" usually ends when the Dean requests to see your parents.

College is the goal of every Latin School boy. If it isn't yours, you shouldn't be here. A's and B's in your subjects are what you need, along with a commendable conduct record and some extracurricular activities.

If you are trying your hardest to gain those three requirements, you are on the right road. If you're not, it's never too late to change. A new road, though paved with hard work and discipline, will lead to college. The old road of red report cards leads only to E. H. S. (evening high school, in case you are new here).

Our New Policy

The school year 1946-'47 marks a new era in the annals of B.L.S. Never before has a situation similar to the one we now face been encountered. Throughout its lifetime of more than seventy-five years the *Register* has never been confronted with a problem requiring so drastic a solution.

Our publication has survived depressions, wars, and periods of reconstruction; and it has enjoyed periods of prosperity. Considerable discussion of prevalent economic conditions, with its increased costs of labor and material, will serve no useful purpose. *Res ipsa loquitur*. You all probably expected an increase in cost, but the Staff has finally succeeded in adopting a nominal increase of twenty-five cents in order that the quality of the *Register* shall be maintained. Twice in succession the *Register* has been awarded the Columbia Scholastic Press Association's first-prize, and such recognition can be continued only if the quality of the past is maintained. Therefore, the only businesslike, logical solution is to issue four editions in lieu of the previous six and at the same time to maintain the high standard and reputation of the *Register*!

It is earnestly suggested that every student of the school, without exception, coöperate and enter his subscription at once. It is surprising to find how many students have no interest in supporting the school paper! It is the duty of each pupil to buy the *Register*!

Rotterdam—

November-17-'46.

Dear Sir,

It'll surprise you to get a letter out of Holland, from a boy, you never heard of before. I'll try to explain it to you in my best English. Just to-day I got the address of your school, and now I would like to get ten or twelve addresses of pupils, who like to have a penfriend in Holland. If you'll be so kind to send me those addresses, I'll ask boys of our school to write to them.

I'm a pupil of the fifth form of a High school in Rotterdam, and I'm seventeen years old. That's why I would like to get the addresses of pupils who are of about the same age.

May be you can send me the addresses in this way:

NAME:	ADDRESS:	AGE:	HOBBIES:
Wants to correspond with girl or boy.			

I also know the pupils of the fifth form of a High School in Almelo, so if there are more than twelve pupils, who like to correspond, I can send their addresses to a friend of mine over there.

I hope this all willn't be too much trouble to you.

In expectation of your answer I greet you,

Yours truly,

K. R. Post.

Klass R. Post.

Jan v. Ghestellaan 20.

Rotterdam. (N.)

Holland.

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Alumni Column

By HOWARD P. BADEN, '48 AND ARNOLD BAND, '46

[The alumni of B.L.S. once again began a year of noteworthy deeds. Some of their achievements will be reported in each issue.]

Ensign John Henry Bruce, '40, of Jamaica Plain, has recently received his Bachelor of Science Degree and commission at the U. S. Coast Guard Academy, New London, Connecticut. He has been active in boxing and soccer while attending the Academy. The new ensign is fond of cruises, athletics, shopwork, and laboratory practice. At B.L.S., Ensign Bruce was a member of the Rifle and Mathematics Clubs. Before entering the Academy, he had served in the regular Coast Guard for a year.

. . . Comdr. Lyons, '35, of Dorchester, after having completed six years in the Pacific theatre, has been selected for the senior course at the Naval Station at Newport, R. I.

. . . Lt. Garner, '32, of Woodstock, Vt., now heads Dean Academy. He is a graduate of Tufts Graduate School and is a member of several professional organizations.

. . . Lt. Col. Wilfred O'Leary, '25, recently discharged from the army, is back teaching at B.L.S.

. . . Paul Richard Kelly, '44, a former member of the V. T. B. flying squadron, has been reported killed.

. . . Edward Baker, '45, former captain of the Drum and Bugle Corps at B.L.S. and drum major of R. O. T. C. at the University of New Hampshire, has recently been inducted into the Army.

. . . Father O'Callaghan, Class of '34, West Roxbury, was recently ordained at Weston College.



. . . Herbert Weiner, '37, of Boston, who has recently been ordained a Rabbi, will receive the Bertha Guggenheim award, which entitles him to a year of study and research in Palestine.

. . . Joseph Dow, '42, of West Roxbury, has been chosen as a member of the Choral Society at Bates College, where he is in his sophomore year. Dow, a veteran, entered Bates after serving three and a half years with the Army Air Forces and the Corps of Engineers.

. . . Robert F. Casey, '42, of South Boston, a junior at Brown, was recently awarded a varsity baseball letter.

. . . Walter Peterson, '37, of Dorchester, is now taking part in the play, "The Duchess of Malfi," recently produced in Boston. He was a track and baseball star at B.L.S. This is Peterson's first appearance after his four years of service in the Army.

. . . Lt. Col. J. F. Moynahan, '29, of

West Orange, N. J., was on the *Appalachian* during the atom bomb tests at Bikini Atoll. He is well-known for his work in this project. Lt. Col. Moynahan received the Bronze Star and Presidential Unit Citation for his work in psychological warfare in connection with dropping leaflets on many cities of Japan.

. . . Charles Ruggiero, '42, of Milton, has recently been graduated from West Point and has received his pilot's wings.

. . . Sumner W. Elton, '23, having resigned his commission in the regular army, was recently discharged after serving 5 years and 5 months on active duty.

. . . Gordon N. Ray, '28, well-known writer, is now being praised for his editing of "Thackeray."

. . . Albert S. Murphy, M.D., '30, after completion of three years of surgical service at Boston City Hospital, is planning to take examinations this fall.

. . . A. B. Comstock, '04, has been in the Tax Division of the Department of Justice for two years, as a special assistant to the Attorney General. Comstock was formerly attached to the State Department.

. . . Warren Bennett, '41, a medical student at Harvard, has just announced his marriage.

. . . Colonel John L. Donovan, '20, after serving 34 months in the ETO, is chief of the Division of Management, New England Office, Veterans Administration.

. . . Dr. Louis H. Bauer, '05, after

serving in World War I, became Medical Director of Civil Aeronautics. Dr. Bauer has received the John Jeffries award of the Aeronautical Sciences, and the Harvard Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa elected him Honorary Member this year. At present, he is cardiologist at the Nassau Hospital in New York. He has a private practice in Hempstead, L. I.

. . . Thomas Goggeshall, '09, has recently received the Emblem for Exceptional Service in recognition of his "outstanding service on behalf of the Army Air Forces as Vice-Chairman of the Eastern District Price Adjustment Board." He had charge of renegotiation of all war contracts from 1942 through 1945.

. . . The annual Alumni get-together will be held the night before Thanksgiving at the Harvard Club. There will be an overflow crowd. A great number of returning veterans are expected to attend. The Fifty-Year Class, '97, will be presented as usual with a silver medallion of the Seal of the School. Four former Presidents of B.L.S. Association—Dr. David D. Scannell, '93; Edwin Johnson, 1900; Daniel Lyne, '06; and Samuel Silverman, '11—will be presented with Presidents' Plaques. The service these men gave to the Association brought about a renaissance and made it the active group that it is today. For the benefit of the undergraduates, the Association has charge of prize funds listed in the School catalogue.

From Mr. McCarthy and the Boys of 233

We hear the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
Oh, often and sweet the words repeat
Peace on earth, good will to men!

(Adapted from Longfellow)

Alumni Interviews



The Class of 1922 may well be proud of a member named Elliott Norton, dramatic critic of *The Boston Post*. Born in Dorchester in 1903 and graduate of Harvard in 1926, Mr. Norton began his newspaper career and for eight years "covered" a multiplicity of assignments. Twelve years ago he was appointed dramatic critic, and ever since he has been building up a national reputation.

Interviewed recently by the *Register* reporter, Mr. Norton unhesitatingly admitted, in substance, that his success was ultimately attained because its foundation was so firmly established at Latin School. His training had enabled him to forge ahead without considerable difficulty. As busy as he always is, this man gladly arranged for the interview, and he indicated great satisfaction in learning that his Alma Mater watches the progress of her sons.

"Tell the boys that I always have regretted that I did not study more diligently," he said; "and if they want advice, you can just tell them for me—STUDY!"

Among many interesting ideas, Mr. Norton stated that he dislikes "this New York practice of trying out in Boston many plays headed for Broadway," but it is a great source of satisfaction to him to know that Metropolitan Boston is recognized as having enough power to influence the course and final outcome of so many dramatic productions. Of course, we are interested to know that the opinion of a Latin School graduate is a factor in determining the life or death, *at birth*, of the important plays of the legitimate stage!

Mr. Norton majored in English. His pen is a harsh one. Only thirty out of one thousand plays has he classified as

"pleasing" and about the same number as "fair." That leaves 940 productions on which Mr. Norton put "thumbs down." Perhaps he learned some bitterly critical phrases as they were bestowed on him when a student by some of the older members of the faculty.

Who knows?

The interview, much to the regret of all concerned, was "cut short" at this point—Mr. Norton had to do some interviewing of his own at the Ritz Carlton.

The Classics versus Isolationism

By WILFRED KAPLAN, '32

Thirty-odd years ago I first made my contribution to the census of the city of Boston. Twenty years ago I first proudly entered the Sixth Class of Boston Latin School. Ten years ago I first had an opportunity to travel and study in Europe. During the summer just past I was able to revisit some of the European scenes previously known and held in fond memory.

These events, occurring at the ten-year milestones of my life, give the clue to much of the happiness and absorbing interest that I have found in this twentieth century. That I graduated from Latin School after six years, that I then went on to Harvard and a Ph.D. in mathematics, that I have now settled down as a member of the Mathematics Department of the University of Michigan are in a way inevitable consequences of the key events.

The years at Latin School, whose rich benefits I hardly realized at the time, gave me something which I have come to value above all else in my training: a feeling for the beauty and extent of the culture of the past. It was easy to become indifferent to Caesar, Cicero, Ovid, and Virgil in the days when we ploddingly translated our ways through them, twenty lines a day. One often forgot where and against whom Caesar was waging his wars, in the urgency of mastering the details of how his soldiers set up camp. But the years of constant exposure to the long-dead language, no matter how vehemently we strove to

consider our studies as but a means to a material end, could not but make their impression on our minds: we learned that there was a past and a rich one.

That the knowledge of this poorly concealed secret is confined to a small fraction of the American population today has been made painfully clear to me by all I have witnessed. Especially the shocks of leaving our country to travel abroad and then returning to face the American "civilization" of automobiles, radios, subways, comic strips, movies, making money and spending it on chromium-plated "labor-saving devices," and little else have demonstrated so vividly the superficiality of most of our present-day culture. How pitiful have been



our attempts to help plan for the future of Europe, with our diplomats skilled in banking and military art, but ignorant of the languages, literature, arts, history, and cultural past of the peoples of Europe. We have isolated ourselves these several hundred years, and, despite our present expressions of concern for the affairs of Europe and Asia, the area of common understanding has dwindled to a mere speck.

In my years at Latin School I was only subconsciously aware of our cultural past; the year (1936-37) spent in Europe brought that awareness to life and it thereafter became a vivid, compelling force. In school I had bravely translated Cicero's orations — dead things they seemed; living in Rome enabled me to stand where Cicero had, to see the Forum, in ruins it is true, but with enough remaining for the mind to reconstruct the rest. The Appian Way, the Coliseum, the Quirinal, and the Viminal — all sprang to life and became shining marks of a glorious time long past. Perhaps the most stirring impression was that of the Catacombs of Callysto, where I spent several hours wandering in the subterranean passages, almost completely dark, the walls filled with the bones of early Christian martyrs.

In Switzerland I spent most of a year studying at the *Eidgenossische Technische Hochschule* in Zurich. There I found many friends, mostly Swiss, and, as my knowledge of the language grew, I began to have a real feeling for their life. The Swiss possess a land of magnificent natural beauty, and it is their unyielding purpose to protect and enhance its charm. For every square mile of city blocks in Zurich there are many square miles of beautifully kept parks and forests in the surrounding dis-



tricts. It is a pursuit of every city-dweller to enjoy these scenic delights often; life is never so rushed that the time is lacking.

The rest of my travels — in France, England, Hungary, Poland, Russia—reinforced my realization of the infinite riches that were stored in Europe, often sadly concealed by a modern veneer of commercialization, but still easily accessible to the ardent searcher. There seemed to be only one answer—to re-educate myself and somehow tie myself to the past from which our dollar-coated civilization had cut me off.

Living at an American university has helped me very much to make this possible, for it is in the active academic circles that one finds the closest to an international culture. Even here I have often been dismayed by colleagues whose homes contained not a single book or who valued a piano mainly as an attractive-looking piece of furniture.

My visit to Switzerland last summer brought the old feelings out again, as strong as before. Seeing my Swiss friends again made me feel all the more that I had a second home there and that in spirit at least I could never again return to the state of isolated Americanism.

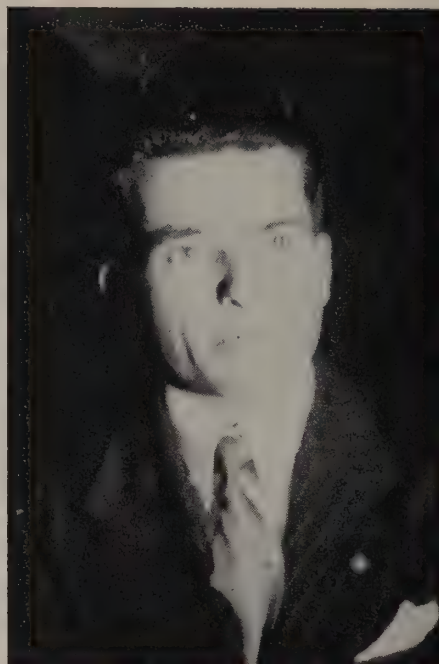


Our Lords and Masters



EDWARD C. LAMBERT . . . Teaches Health Education and phys. ed. in 129. . . Was supposed to teach physics. . . Born in Brighton. . . Resides in Dorchester. . . Graduated from B.L.S. '39. . . While here, participated in football and baseball. . . Played football at B.C., where he got his A.B. . . Married; 2 daughters. . . Besides teaching, coaches football and hockey. . . His chief interests: sports, photography, and his children.

WALTER W. McCARTHY . . . Teaches Health Education and phys. ed. in 233. . . Was born and still lives in Boston. . . Graduated from E.H.S. in '36, where he participated in baseball, track, and football. . . Received B.S. at Boston University in '42; Ed.M. Boston University, '46. . . At college, played baseball and football. . . Married; no children. . . Aside from teaching and coaching at Latin School, his main interests are sports and literature.



WILLIAM J. POWERS . . . Teaches phys. ed. and Health Education in 225. . . Was born and still lives in Charlestown. . . Graduated from H.S.C., '36, where he participated in football, baseball, hockey, and track. Attended Colby College one year. . . Received B.S. from Boston College in '42; Ed.M. from Teachers College in '45. . . In college participated in football and track. . . At present is engaged in semi-finals of New England handball tournament. . . Member of American Legion.



Something of Interest.



C. COLBY.

The publishers of "Seventeen," the teen-age magazine, recently selected pupils from Greater Boston to appear on their program, "It's up to You," which is broadcast every Wednesday over WNAC from 8:30-9:00 p.m. Among the students selected was a Latin School boy—Robert McCabe (303), who appeared on the October 30th program. Congratulations, Bob!

George Mulhern (301) is Latin School's representative to the Rotary Club this year.

It's of interest to note that Mr. Wilfred O'Leary, who entered the Army in 1942, has returned to his teaching position. He held the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He is now in Room 211. Welcome back, sir!

Robert Corcoran (301) is the Senior representative to the Junior Red Cross. John Desmond (118) represents the Junior Class.

"Student Life," a national magazine, recently requested the Music Appreciation Club for a write-up of its activities. The Music Appreciation Club, it seems, has acquired national fame, thanks to the tireless efforts of its director, Mr. Finn, and officers, who this year are Arthur Daniels (306), Presi-

dent; Norman Shapiro (301), Vice-President; William Cohen (301), Secretary.

The Literary Club is having its usual interesting programs of talks, lectures, and quizzes on literature of today and yesterday. The club functions under the direction of Dr. Callanan and its officers, who are William Cohen (301), President; John Rexine (301), Vice-President; Norman Shapiro (301), Secretary.

In the Debating Club, where the topics of the day are discussed, Edmund Blake (303) is President; Robert Bond (306), Vice-President; George Mulhern (301), Secretary-Treasurer. The faculty advisers are Dr. Collins and Mr. O'Leary.

The Modern History Club is this year under the very able direction of Mr. Peirce. The club, which seeks to promote interest in historical events and in important phases of modern history, is looking forward to an eventful and successful year. The officers consist of Edmund Blake (303), President; Joseph Rosen (303), Vice-President; Michael Gottschalk (302), Secretary; William Hagerty (304), Treasurer.

On October 29, Class I had a special assembly. Mr. Dunn informed the members and the P. G.'s who attended of the

increasing difficulty of getting into college and (oh, yes!) of the Senior elections.

(Note: The Pepsi-Cola Scholarship Contest is coming up soon; so get your bottle-caps ready. The scholarship is good for four fully paid years to any college in the country and a full year's supply of Pepsi-Cola.)

The new Head of the Latin and Greek Department is Dr. Marnell (123). The official Head of the German, as well as of the French Department, is Max Levine (301).

To those who missed the official announcement, it is of interest to note that the *Liber Actorum* of the Class of 1946 was awarded first place in its class, by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association in the Annual Yearbook Competition.

Speaking of teachers (which we were doing a paragraph or so above), according to official tabulations received by your reporter, there were eleven new teachers added to the Latin School faculty this year — ten temporary and one permanent — Mr. Frank Sullivan.

The Camera Club is looking forward to another successful year. The officers are Alan Miller (307), President; Norman Levine (203), Vice-President; Daniel Kosloff (207), Secretary; Allan Rudolph (134), Treasurer. According to my records, Paul W. Etter (306), a member of this club, is the official *Register* photographer.

On Wednesday, November 6, Classes I and II, under the direction of Mr. Fitzgerald, Col. Penney, Mr. Patten, Mr. Lambert, Mr. McCarthy, and Mr. Powers (225), staged a mass demonstration of the physical education program for photographers from "Life" magazine. Included in the picture were such activi-

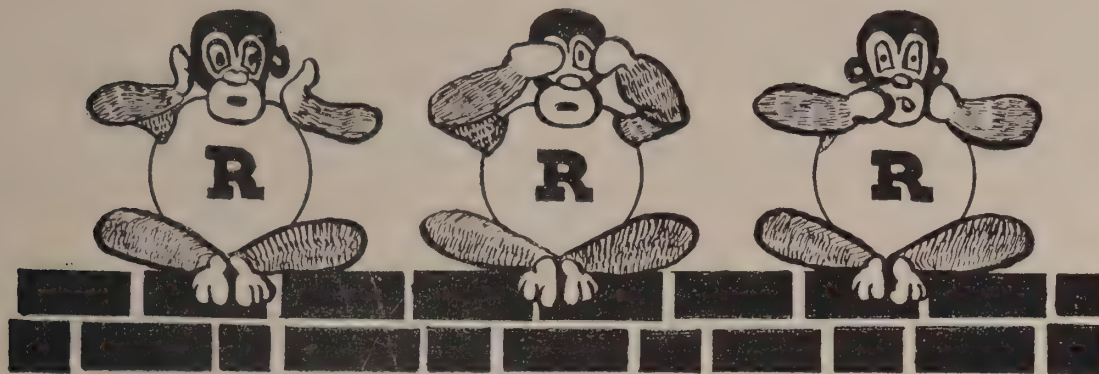


ties as football, softball, basketball, volleyball, track, and mass calisthenics.

On Friday, November 8, 1946, Classes I, II, and III were assembled in the Hall to observe Armistice Day Exercises. The principal speaker was a former lieutenant-colonel in the army, a Latin School graduate, a former chairman of the School Committee, and now Sheriff of Suffolk County — Mr. Frederick R. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan emphasized the need for preparedness in this day and age. Members of the faculty who had served in either of the two World Wars were seated on the platform. The band, under the direction of Mr. Sordillo, furnished the music.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

FROM 219



Sept. 11: All Latin School boys are busily preparing books, pencils, pens, etc., for a new school year. Zzzzz! We meet our new teachers today and vice-versa. . . . No! Not that! Take them away! I'll eat my Wheaties!

Sept. 12: Here we go again. *Ye R.R.R.* has already warned five (5) bewildered Class VI boys about the torture ahead of them.

Sept. 13: Books, homelessons, etc. Grind, grind, grind. . . .

Sept. 16: The call went out for candidates for the *Register* Business Staff. Room 131 was filled with Seniors who have hopes of another line in *Liber Actorum*. Mr. Rosenthal briefed the novices on *Operation Register*. . . . All prices are going up, even the *Register*. It isn't worth \$1.50—Glug! Let go of my throat!!!

Sept. 17: Boys are warned that running is restricted to track men. No more zipping down the corridor for *Yours Truly* when he's late for class (it says here).

Sept. 18: Football candidates were called out. The new slogan is, "We'll sneak through their legs!"

Sept. 19: All you unlucky Seniors are stuck with whatever combination you may have. No more programs changed!

Sept. 20: The official warnings about the dangers involved in going up Down Stairways has been issued. The masters are being sworn in as auxiliary traffic "cops".

Sept. 23: Col. Penney finished appointing officers today. Oh, well! Now we won't have to worry about getting officers' buttons.

Sept. 24: All boys must report to Phys. Ed. with uniforms (officers and first sergeants included)! Ahhhh! We are building bodies for the brave new world. (*Loud Groans*).

Sept. 25: The Music Appreciation Club held an *exclusive* meeting, only the elite being privileged to attend. *Ye R.R.R.* tried to crash the gate, but he couldn't elevate his nose properly and was promptly bounced.

Sept. 27: Today there wasn't even a notice to pupils. Ho-Hum!

Sept. 30: Literary Club meeting! "So what if I'm illiterate, my membership still goes into my yearbook write-up".

Sept. 31: Come again? I must remember that "thirty days hath September".

Oct. 1: The Latin School Athletic Association started its campaign: Their motto, "Twenty-five cents a head or bust (the head, that is)."

Oct. 2: *Communiqué* 125369 in regard to lunch check issued. . . . What do I sign for a drink of water?

Oct. 3: Latin pulverized Roxbury Memorial at Fens Stadium, 19-0. The team has now scored more points than it did all last season.

Oct. 4: Today's Bulletin warned us not to follow the red arrows on the stairways, only the *black ones*. It would

- be simpler to follow your nose, provided it's straight, of course.
- Oct. 7:* The A.A. has extended to the school an invitation to listen to the World Series broadcasts in the assembly hall. All this for twenty-five cents.
- Oct. 8:* German Club started today. (No Nazis or dogs allowed). *Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*
- Oct. 9:* Coach Fitzgerald has not only a bag of tricks to pull the wool over the enemies' eyes, but also a bag of peanuts (scat-backs) to sneak through their legs. Latin 2-B.C.H. 0.
- Oct. 10:* Latin School has been divided into platoons by Field Marshal Carroll as a preliminary to an attack on the lunchroom.
- Oct. 11:* Notice of a course in Senior Life-Saving: Does that mean that Class I boys are to be taught how to protect themselves from their masters?
- Oct. 6-15:* The hallowed halls of the Latin School auditorium resounded to the sound of bat meeting ball as the World's Series was broadcast to our earnest students.
- Oct. 15:* Journeyed to Dust Bowl to see Latin's mighty mites pursue their undefeated course as they whipped our Commerce neighbors, 12-0. Blanchard & Davis, here we come!
- Oct. 16:* There is no joy in Boston: the mighty Red Sox have struck out!
- Oct. 17:* Looked in on the budding scientists of the Atomic Age, carrying on world-shaking experiments in the physics lab.
- Oct. 18:* Learned for first time today that the "use of answer books is forbidden."
- Oct. 21:* First Public Declamation highlighted by Casey's annual failure at the bat.
- Oct. 22:* The Latin invincibles celebrated their promotion to Braves Field by shellacking Dorchester, 27-0.
- Oct. 23:* All *Register* agents were asked to report to B-14 during the home room period. Special instructions and blackjacks were issued.
- Oct. 24:* We went to the Chem. lab today. "Get away, Jack! We're not running a mob scene here!!"
- Oct. 28:* Meeting of the Music Appreciation Club was changed from Thursday to Wednesday. (That's so that all the riffraff won't attend).
- Oct. 29:* Special meeting of Class I and P. G.'s. Mr. Dunn went over the difficulties of college entrance. I'll see you at Latin prep. next year.
- Oct. 30:* Announcement was made that the 1946 Liber Actorum has won first prize in the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. Three cheers!
- Oct. 31:* Nomination papers were given out today. According to latest figures, if all the signatures are distributed evenly, each candidate would receive a scant fifteen. (A few ginks weren't running).
- Nov. 1:* Some poor fools are still looking for signatures. My hand got tired of signing after twenty.
- Nov. 2:* Latin lost to a powerful St. Mark's team 24 to 6. The game was covered by our illustrious *Register* staff.
- Nov. 4:* Master to a P. G. who had just entered class ten minutes late, "I don't care if you are a P. G. or a P. I. G., you get to my classes on time."
- Nov. 5:* Latin School's "Rose Bowl" candidate continued on their merry way. Latin 6, E. B. 0.
- Nov. 6:* Some *Life* photographers were here to take pictures of our school during a Phys. Ed. period. The department master had the bathing beauties of Classes I and II (and the rest of us too) posing in shorts in the broiling (46°) sun.
- Nov. 8:* Nomination papers are in. Bal-

- lots are out. It's lucky the voting is by closed ballots. I promised nine potential class committee men my vote.
- Nov. 11:* Armistice Day. We made peace with our teachers. No home-lessons (supposedly).
- Nov. 12:* Instead of continuing in our unscored way, we "Traded," and we didn't score. Trade 24, B.L.S. 0.
- Nov. 13:* Class Committee election today. "But I can only vote for four!"
- Nov. 14:* The drill officers gave a demonstration of the manual of arms today. Now the boys in the company will know how not to do it.
- Nov. 15:* A few proud drill captains came in today with their buttons all shined up. One poor fool said that we could touch him. He was promptly knocked across the room.
- Nov. 18:* The Seniors were called into the Hall to listen to the requirements of R. O. T. C. *Ye R.R.R.* lost interest when told that he would have to remain single for at least ten years
- Nov. 19:* Latin strategy backfired! Mabry got so tired playing the backfield that his try for a conversion missed by inches. Result: Tech 7; Latin 6.
- Nov. 20:* All basketball candidates were asked to report to the Assembly Hall. Basketball, that's the game whose main object is to get rid of the ball, without walking around in such a way that a teammate can reach it; or it goes through an elevated hoop, foolishly called a basket. (Bouncing the ball on the floor is legal, too!) It's a good game; why don't you try it?
- Nov. 21:* *Ye R.R.R.* was tempted to go to the Brookline-Newton game Thanksgiving until the room A.A.A. (Athletic Association Agent) convinced me (with his own special combination of blackjack and rubber hose) to buy a ticket for the Latin-English game.
- Nov. 22:* Tickets for the "Victory Dance" went on sale. Today's proverb: "Life is just a drain for a sink full of money!"
- Nov. 25:* I had a strenuous weekend; don't bother me!
- Nov. 26:* I know the deadline was yesterday. But there's no sense in rushing; this stuff isn't fit to print, anyway!

POWERS'
RECOCIOUS
UPILS

SEND
ALUTATIONS
INCERE

FOR A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
and
A HAPPY NEW YEAR
From 225

211

Col. O'LeAry

EngleMan
WisEman
PaRas
AndRew
FLYnn

BuCkley
HouHoulis
WateMman
Counlhan
SvirSky
McInTyre
ProMer
ShAer
BornStein

Di Franco
FRack

DonOvan
GoldMan

RosenThal
Winick
ThOmas

SannElla
FeeLey
RothbErg
DaVis
MasurEt
BagNall

THE BOYS OF 130 SAY:

NODLAIG MAITH AGAS
BLIADHAN NUA GAN SMAL

(That's Gaelic for A Merry Christmas and a Happy
New Year, son")

Best Wishes to the Faculty and Students

Andrews	GAffin	BrickMan
Mazzio	ScHeer	GrEen
GLEnnon	BLAnk	GeRner
O'Rourke	RePucci	DoheRty
GRaham	KaPlan	CrowleY
Clayman	De'CourcY	Coleman
Cook	RotmaN	TheoHarous
KnigHt	LoguE	Renaud
KaRlsberg	KoWal	Klalner
Davls	DeerY	ZiSk
AdelSon	GlovEr	BaaTz
LubiTz	CArroll	GreenbauM
Mandell	SocRates	Azrin
JAcobs		Sullivan
O'Shea		&
TraAnquillo		ShumAn
Golden		JoHnson
MaDden		Andelman
		Paul Nolan
		Philip Marson
		KennY
		SteIN
		StEvans
		Winward
		Kelly
		BEnjamin
		GormAn
		BeRrigan
FROM 221		235

FROM THE INMATES OF CELL 124
A MERRY XMAS

MR.	{ CALLANAN FITZGERALD GORDON McLAUGHLIN O'CALLAHAN }	ALTHOUGH OUR REPORT CARDS ARE RED AND GAUDY
-----	--	---

And to Mr. Powers and the Student Body

T'was the night before Christmas, when all through the household
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a Gingold.
 The Sullivans watched o'er the chimney with care
 In hopes that St. Weinstein soon would be there.

Richmond was nestled all snug in his bed
 While visions of theorems danced in his head,
 Then Armstrong with kerchief and Kraft with his cap
 Had just settled down for a long winter's nap.

When what to Connell's wand'ring eyes should appear
 But a miniature Sessler and eight tiny reindeer
 With a little old driver, so lively and keen
 I knew in a moment it must be Mulheen.

More rapid than Irons, his coursers they came
 And he whistled and shouted and called them by name
 Now Beaton, Now Doherty, Now Karon, Jangigan,
 On! McKenna, On, Mallock, On Sulman and Kiernan.

And then in a twinkling, King heard on the roof
 Shapiro and Hurwitz, on each little hoof
 To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall
 Then dash away, dash away, dash away all.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM 114

TIME!!

Our original "ad" was all fixed-up,

....

Choc-full of Christmas treats,

Now it seems it's all mixed-up,

In the midst of our gyp-sheets!!

. . . SO THIS WILL HAVE TO DO!

MERRY CHRISTMAS

from 118

. . . well what did you expect . . . Mr. Lucey?

We are the boys of 224;

We wash the board and sweep
the floor.

Our teachers stay awake at
night,

Thinking up things for us to
write.

Most of our teachers could use
some hair,

But to all of us they seem quite
fair;

Now we send them joy and
cheer—

A Merry Christmas
And A Happy New Year!

Mr. Marnell

Munnis

LEigh

HuRwich

KeeleR

GedaminskY

MCNally

LeHman

Ridge

BartIs

RoSoff

Trabun

Murphy

FlAgg

Simches

FlieglemAn

FinN

RaskinD

BArton

Greetings from MR. MARNELL
and ROOM 123

AsHley

Campbell

Pow

Parente

FloYd

Norris

SEsmovich

Wood

DobbYn

GrEene

DonAhue

CobuRn

SmiTh

FORbes

WAlsh

Levine

Lane

Albert

SteVens

MitchEll

CaRp

MeRlin

MurphY

Fox

Forbes

COrr

McCarthy

SMith

Evangelista

CoveR

HeRman

SkellY

SheridAn

Corcell

FoLey

PorTney

SHeehan

HEgarty

Calligan

Harmes

McCaRthy

Williams

Spillane

WaldsTein

PridhaM

GAlanis

Singer

SabBagh

ROsenberg

Casserly

PeterSon

222

We're the boys of 204,

The best classroom on the 2nd
floor,

If you don't mind, we'd just like
to say

Merry Christmas to you, in our
very best way.

Amid the joyous clamor of glee
Are heard the shouts of Simon Legree.
We're often assailed with the insulting
suggestion—

"Jeepers, you're thick!" or "Boy,
you're dumb!"

Those words hurt our hearts, but yet
we will yell—

"A very Merry Christmas, Mr. Win-
burn Cannell!

GREETINGS TO ALL FROM 325!

Merry Xmas and Happy New Year

To Mr. Neville and

Messrs. Cheetham, Gray, Nemzoff
and Zeitlin

FROM ROOM 218

MERRY CHRISTMAS

to Dr. Collins and

Messrs. Hennessey, Hopkinson, Lord
Sullivan

FROM ROOM 207

MERRY CHRISTMAS

To Every One

FROM THE BOYS OF
ONE-THIRTY-ONE

We are the boys from 107;

If we pass, we go to Heaven.
If we don't,

You can guess the rest.
But we'll still wish you a

"MERRY CHRISTMAS"

M

CLAUGHLIN's
ENTAL
IDGETS
OST SINCERELY
WISH
ASTERS
(and students) A
ERRY CHRISTMAS
122

Christmas comes but once a year;
To all the world, we wish good cheer.
A New Year Greeting is the best,
But to 324 at B.L.S.

It only means a good long rest.

To our masters we send Christmas
cheer

For smarter pupils throughout the
year.

Although our marks are red and we
are blue,

We'll try hard to stumble through.

A CHRISTMAS WHIM

On this Merry Christmas Day,

316 would like to say,

Our hearts are filled with pride and
joy.

'Cause we got here before Kilroy.

MR. NEMZOFF and THE BOYS OF

2 2 3

Wish All a Merry Christmas and a

Happy New Year

A MERRY XMAS

and a

HAPPY NEW YEAR

FROM 132 TO B.L.S.

We try to be good children and
observe the golden rule, but we wish
that Mr. Lambert wouldn't keep us
after school (at least not during the
Christmas Season)—From the Boys
of 129.

Merry Xmas—MR. BENSON

Joyeux Noel—MR. BORTINO

Merriest Christmas in History—
MR. PEIRCE

Felix Dies Natalis Christi—
MR. WILBUR

Merry Christmath—MR. O'BRIEN

209

Maltz
 ArEna
 ARonson
 PagliaRulo
 Mac KY
 Cummings
 CoHen
 Rabin
 Heldke
 RuggleS
 Trask
 McCarthy
 Quinlan
 Guernsey
 Wharton
 Order
 KArp
 BLakeman
 London
 Faltin
 Recchia
 JOhnson
 KaMp
 GranT
 DoW
 Bacigalupo
 Balanoff
 Venezlano
 Frank Spears
 DanTis
 Nessell
 Divine
 Goodman

215

ClayMan
 Berlin
 FerRis
 GRoss
 LYdiard
 Casey
 CoHen
 Rosen
 Nolfi
 NeyhuS
 ShurduT
 FlaMmia
 KagAn
 Sullivan
 &
 JoHnson H.
 RAne
 Perkins
 ShPiegelman
 Yachetta
 O'Neil
 Goose
 W. Johnson
 McCarthy
 SlavEt
 KillileaAn
 SandbeRg
 BentField
 BeRger
 COncannon
 KaMin
 Recko
 O'GOorman
 JOnes
 McNaMara

202

Pueri camerae quae CIII ap-
 pellatur sincere spevant dis-
 ciipulos magistrosque scholae
 nostrae omnia gaudia ea om-
 nem benignitatem huius tem-
 poris beati accepturos esse
 atque postero anno magnam
 felicitatem.

103

A Merry Christmas
 and a
 Happy New Year
 From the Boys of 335

The Men of 121 Extend
 Sincere Seasonal Greetings
 To the Faculty and
 Student Body

Greetings

102

We, the sharks of 134,
Dare any teacher to open our door,
But if any master rings our bell
We'll open the door, say "Swell!"
(Many wishes) for a very Merry Xmas
and a Happy New Year

A Merry Christmas and
A Happy New Year to
Mr. Kean

From the Boys of 329

GREETINGS from
OORVICH's
ANG

330

A Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year to
All from Mr. Gordon's Gremlins
Of Room 210

Mann	Adelson
JEwett	
CRoan	
FRuit	Hamer
HennesseY	WAlsh
	Prochnick
	SPiller
Collins	ThalnaYer
SHeffield	
MateRazzo	
GigLio	O'BrieN
BoSsi	CartEr
GoulsTon	TWicken
MacLeod	
GuArino	McElnineY
Schendler	NilsEn
	SAIzman
VeneziA	MoRton
LipsoN	
OrDer	

To Mr. Lucey, Mr. Miller, Mr. Scully,
Mr. Neville, Mr. Cray

FROM 133

Milch
BindEr
Robbins
PRivies
McGillicuddyY

Christonsen
Houge
Pender
Gargll
FolSom
Turnbull
HaMlin
BAer
Sandler

DuffY
GoldbeRg
SimOn
LeMack

232

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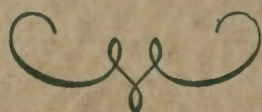
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